



FLINTSTONES

NO. 50 FEB
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ALL NEW

The **FLINTSTONES** and **PEBBLES**

Hanna-Barbera
Production

CHARLTON
PUBLICATION



RAY
DIRGO

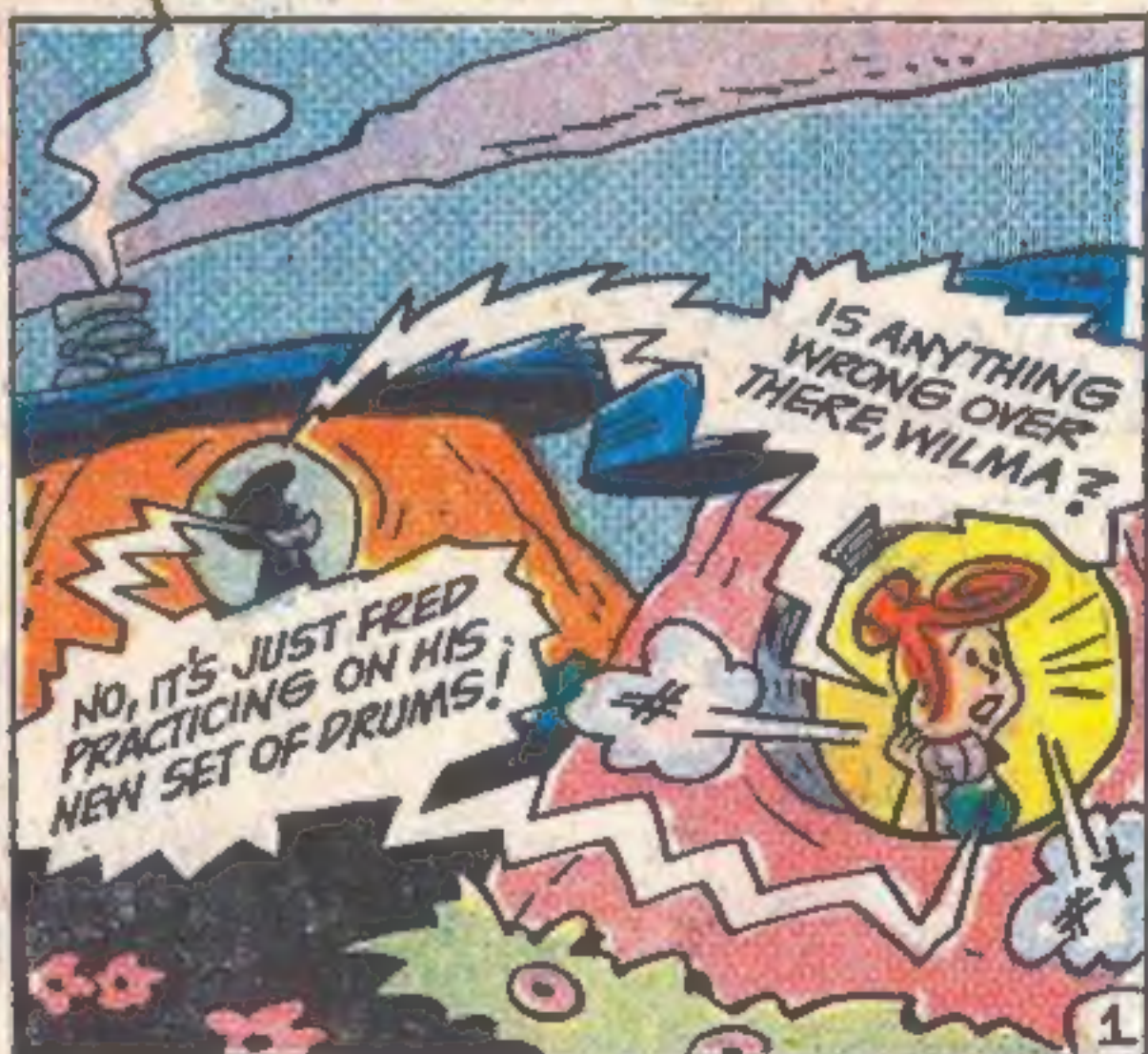
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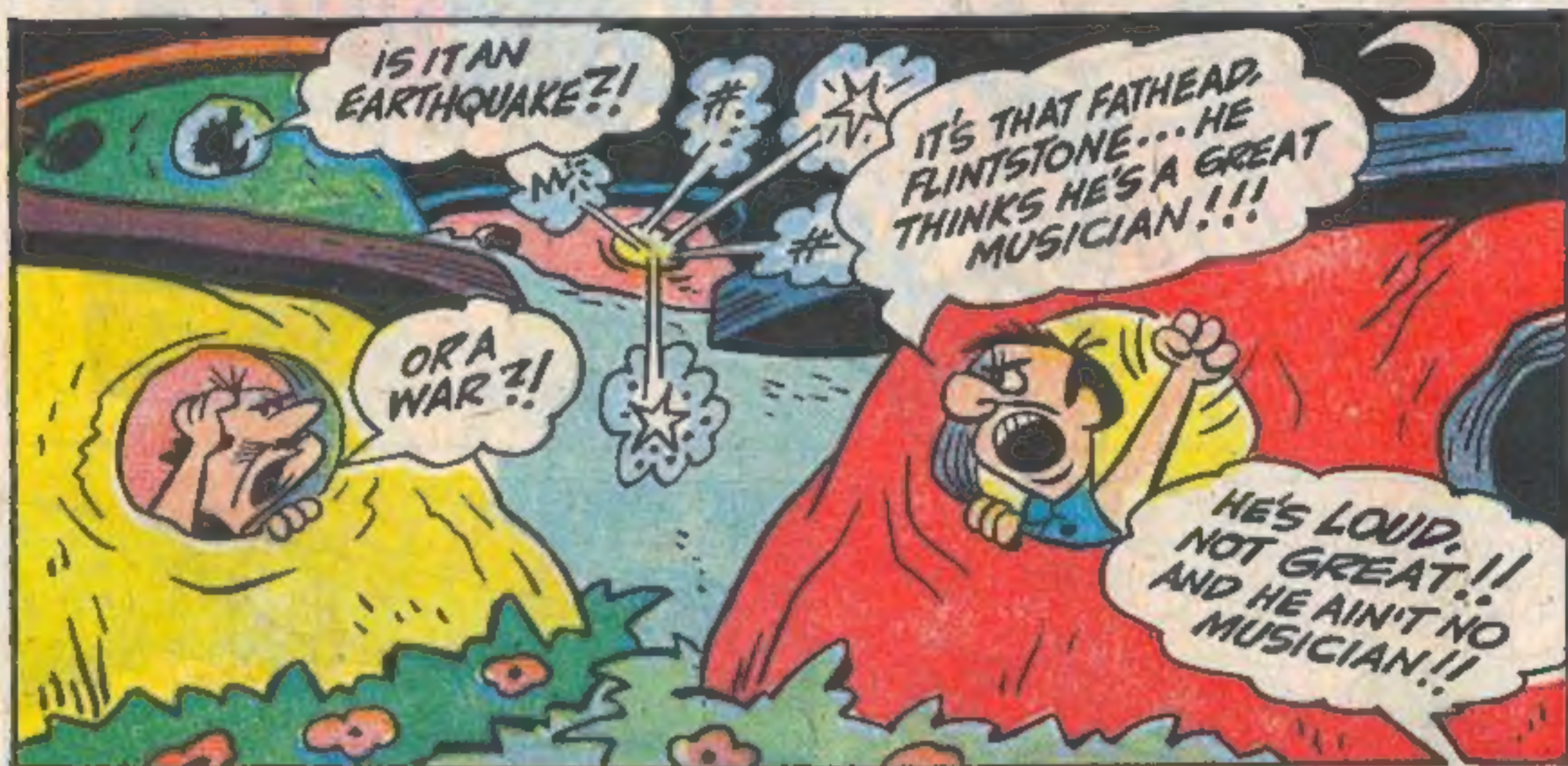
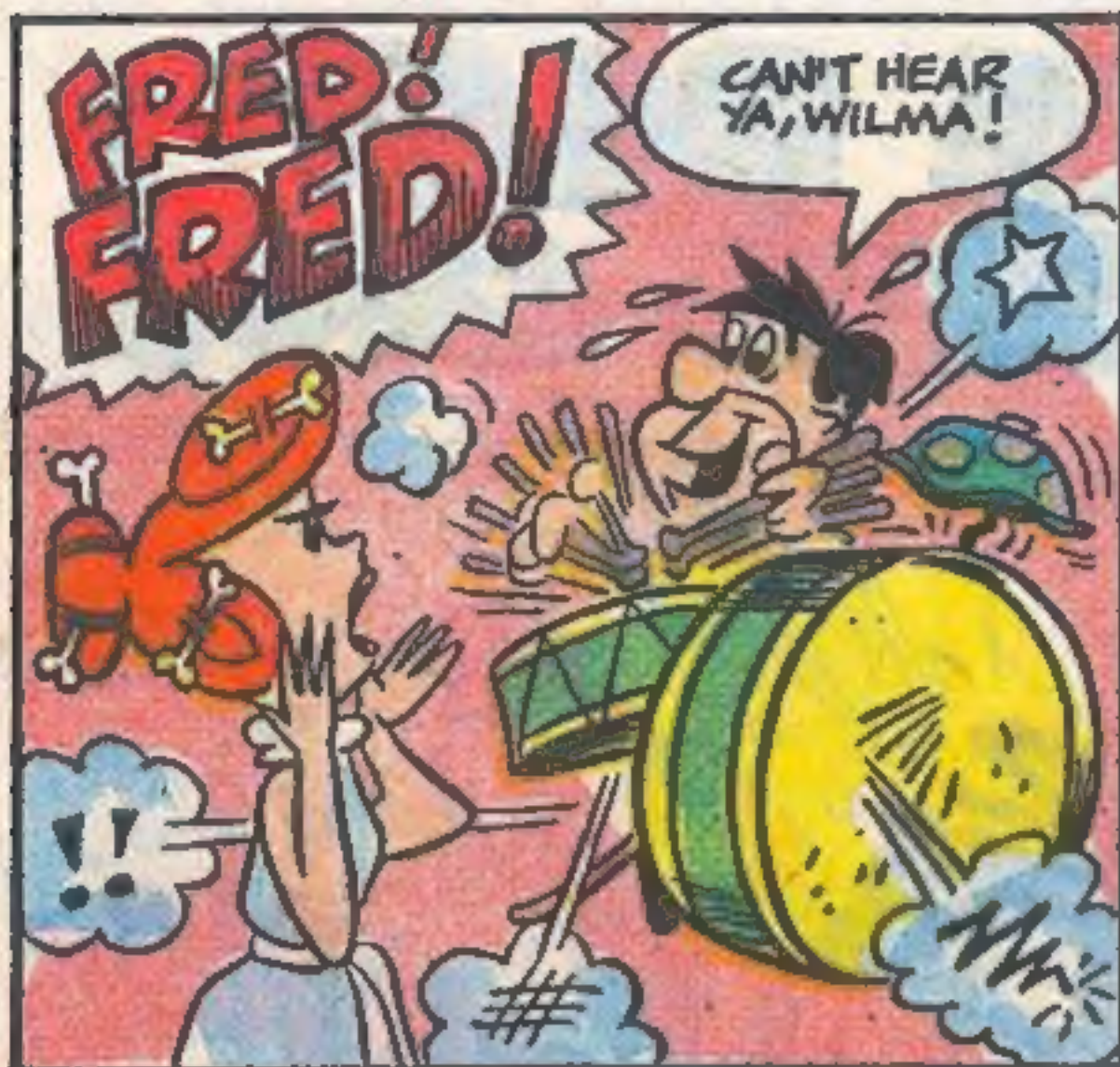
The FLINTSTONES

THE BEAT! GOES ON!

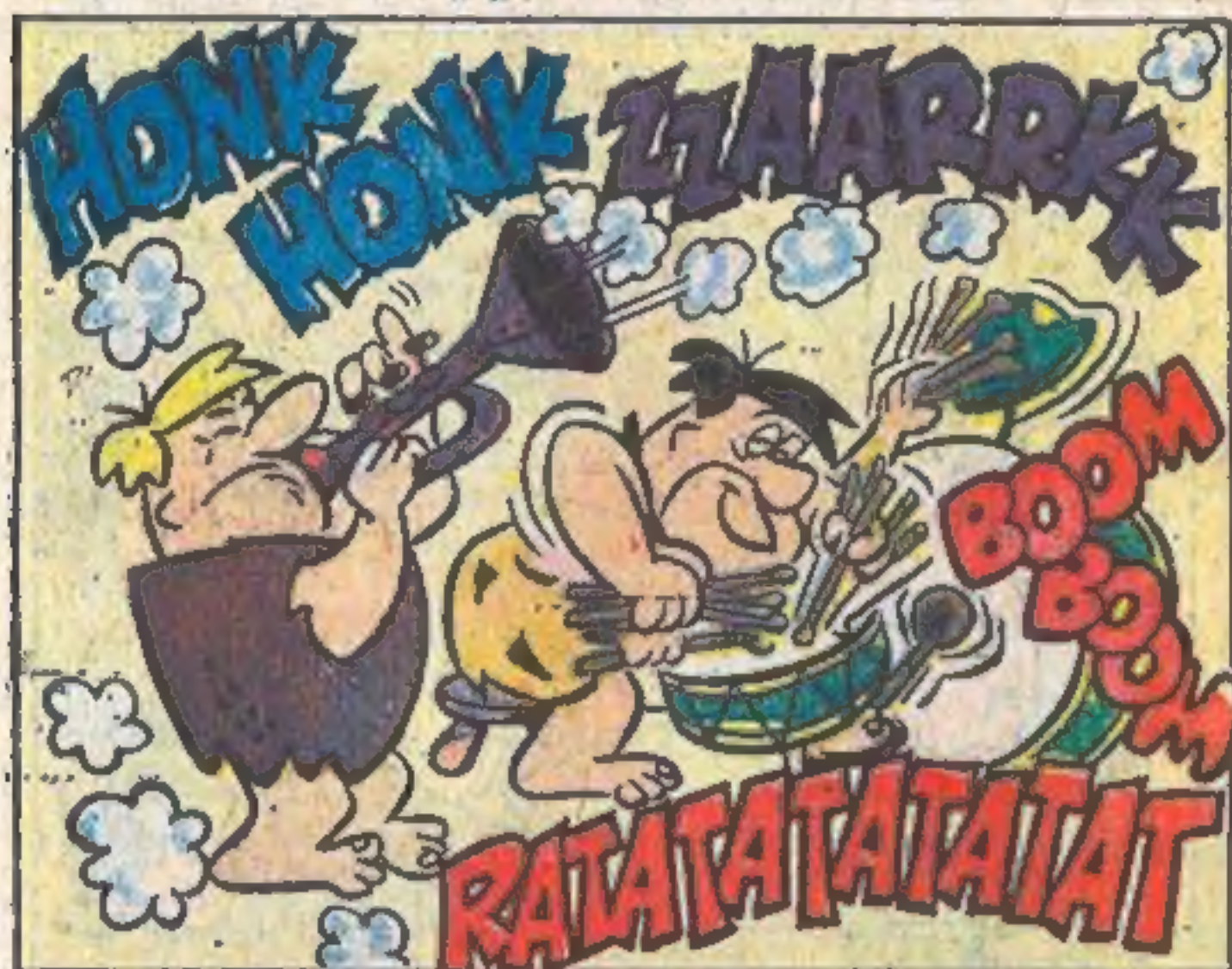


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AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! ENOUGH
ALREADY! IT'S PAST YOUR
BEDDIE-BYE TIME, KIDDIES!

WAWWAW
WAWW
RATATATAT
BOOM



ON YER FEET, YOU TWO! YOUR
WIVES CAME DOWN AND BAILED
YOU OUT!

CLANK
CLANK



COME ON, FRED! BETTY
AND I PUT UP THE
BAIL FOR YOU!

THANKS, HON...
UH...WHAT
ABOUT OUR
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS?



OH, THEM? YOUR WIVES VERY
KINDLY DONATED THEM TO THE
POLICE BAND! YOU BOYS CAN'T
USE THEM ANYHOW!



THE CITIZENS OF BEDROCK HAVE
GOTTEN A COURT ORDER FORBIDD-
ING MEOR BARNEY EVER TO PLAY
A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT WITHIN
THE TOWN LIMITS? WHOSE IDEA
WAS THAT?



WELL...WILMA AND I SORT
OF THOUGHT IT UP AND TOOK
IT AROUND TO GET EVERY-
ONE'S SIGNATURES!

AS FATSO WOULD
SAY, BETTY...
YABBA-DABBA-
DOO!!!

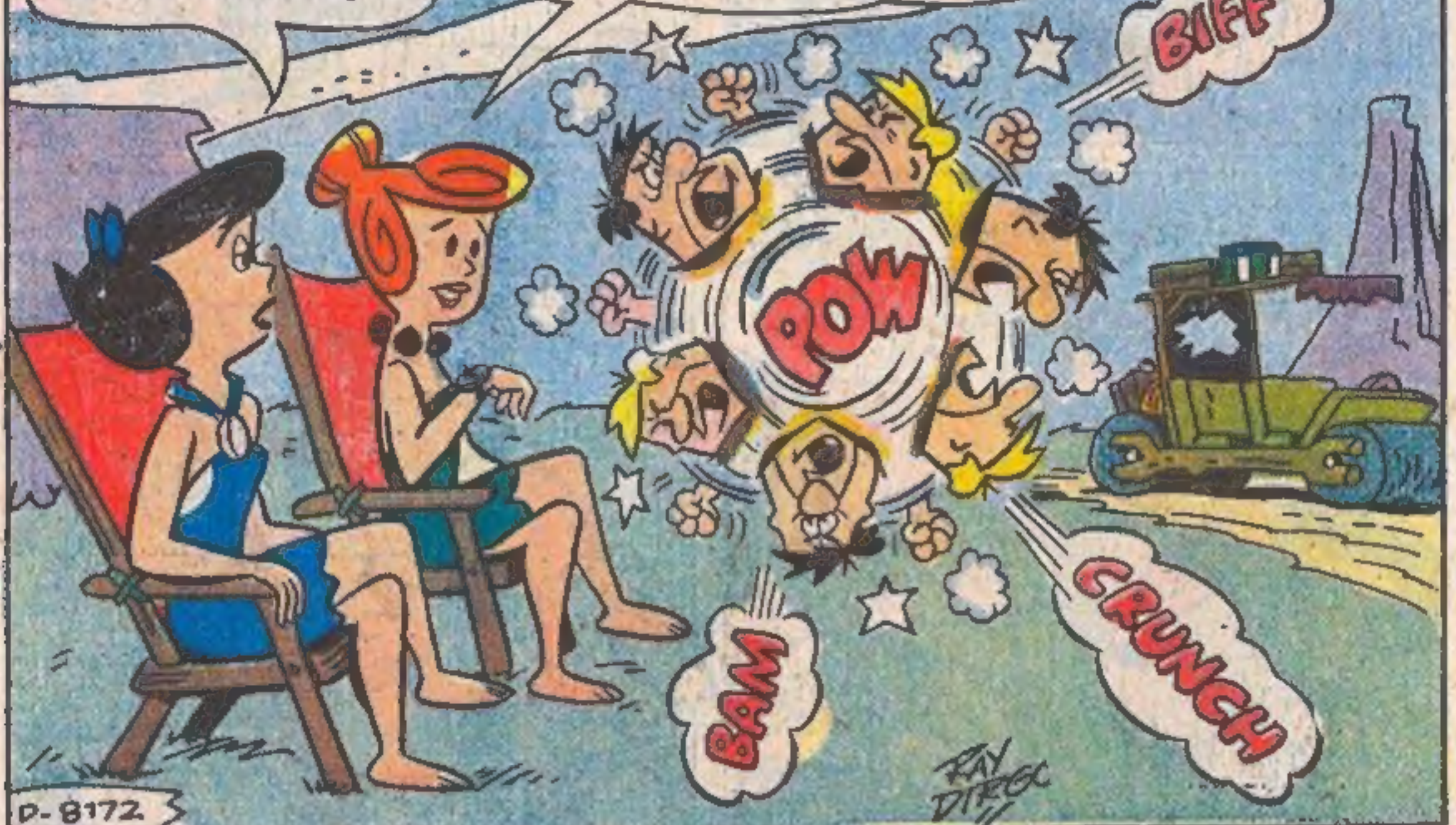
END

The FLINTSTONES

Phffftt. NEIGHBOR!

I KNEW THERE'D BE AN ARGUMENT OVER SOMETHING, WILMA! I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE ABOUT WHO'D DRIVE THE CAR!

THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR TWENTY-NINE MINUTES ALREADY! THEY MAY BREAK THE ALL-TIME RECORD SET LAST YEAR...

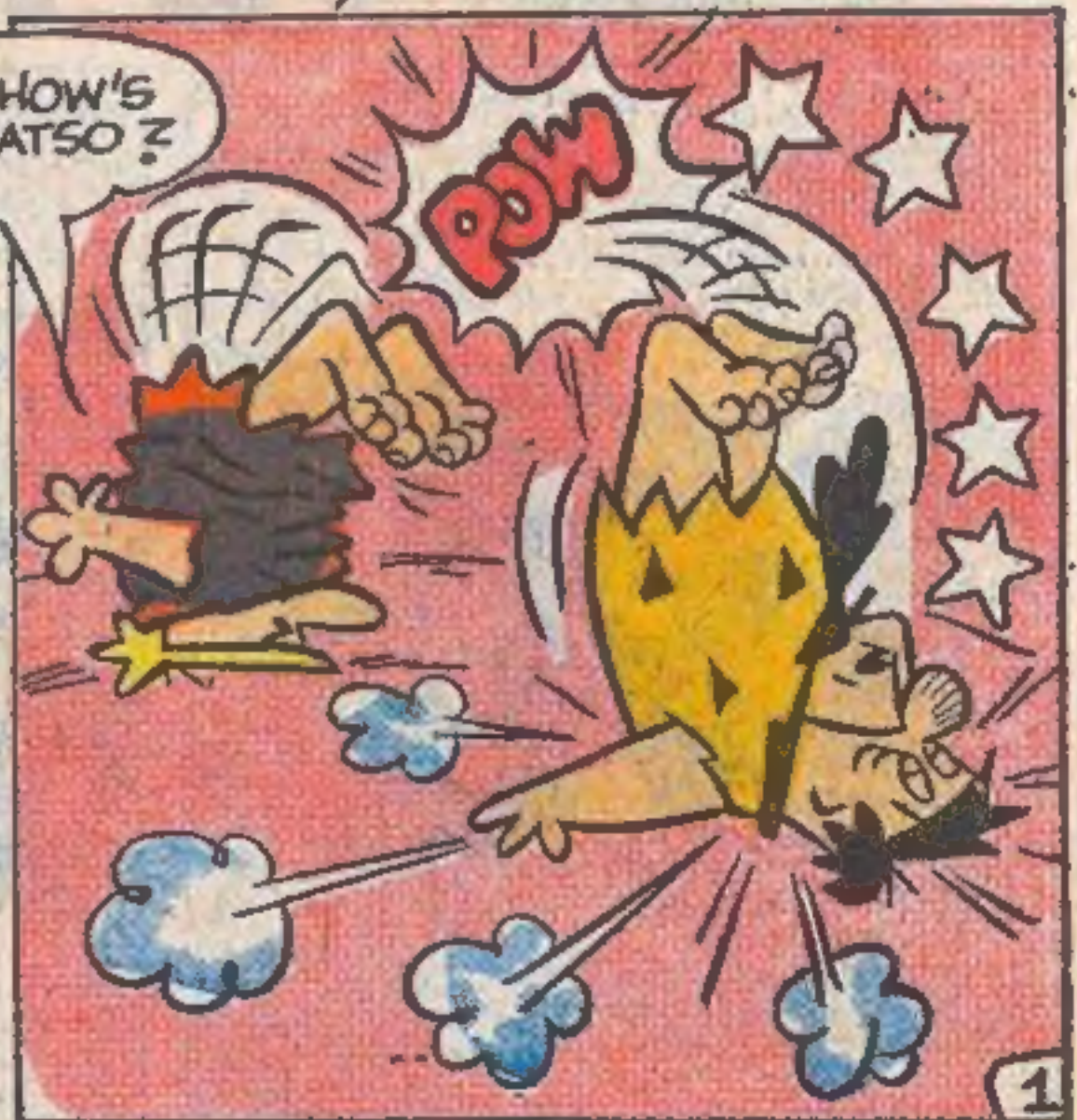


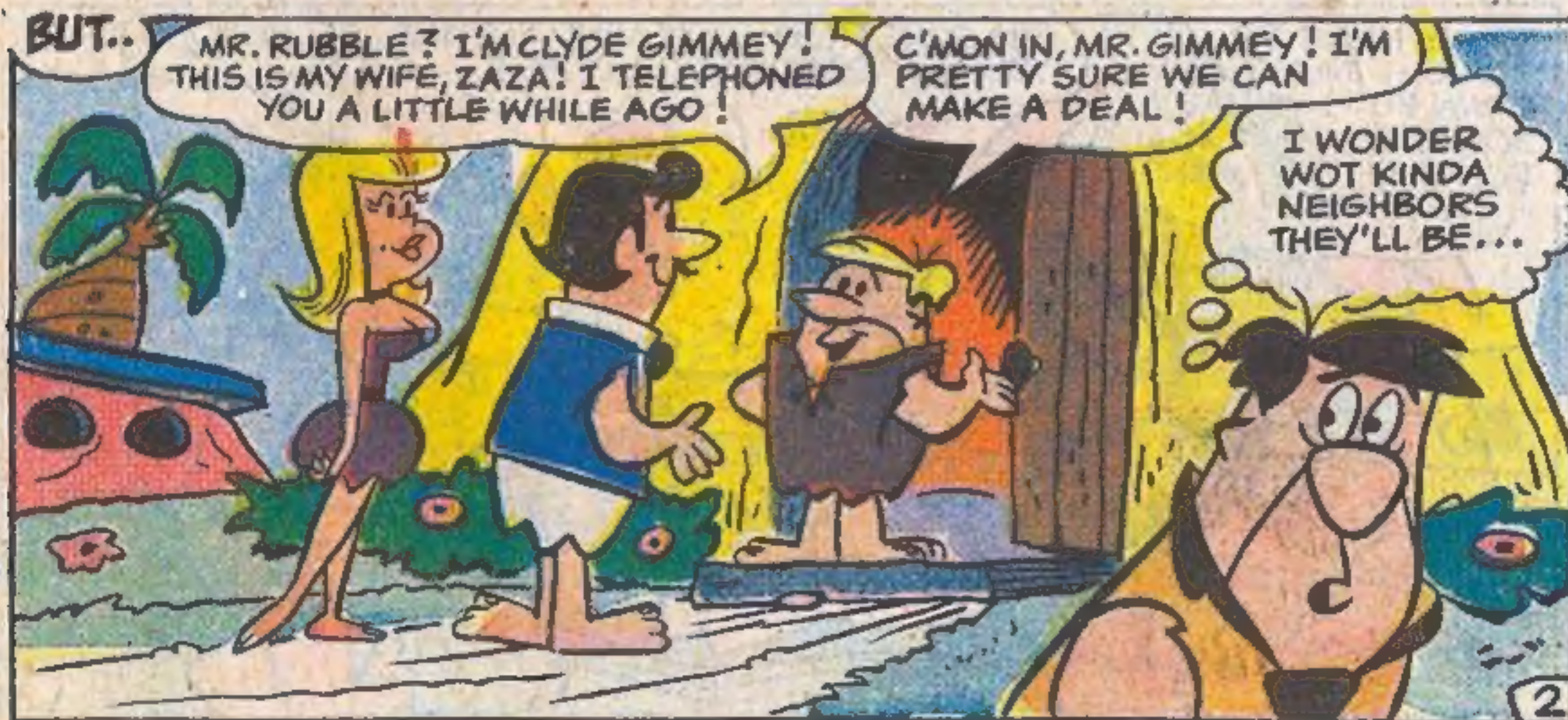
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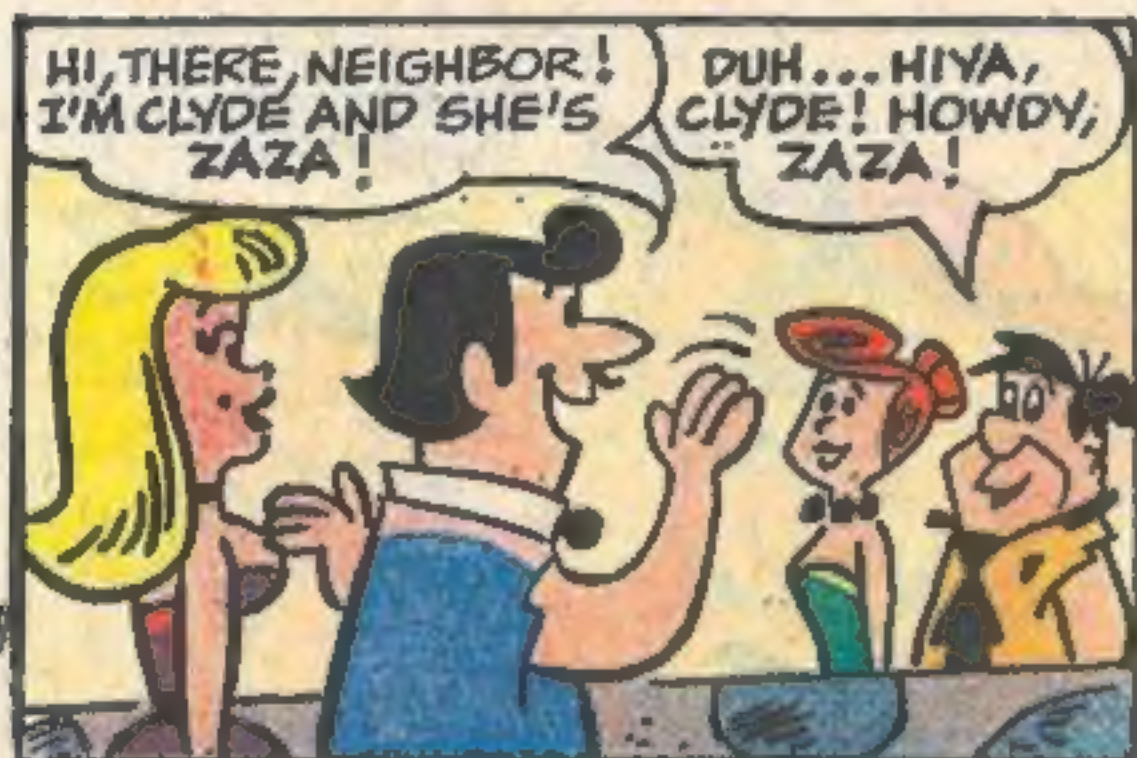
RAY DIEGL

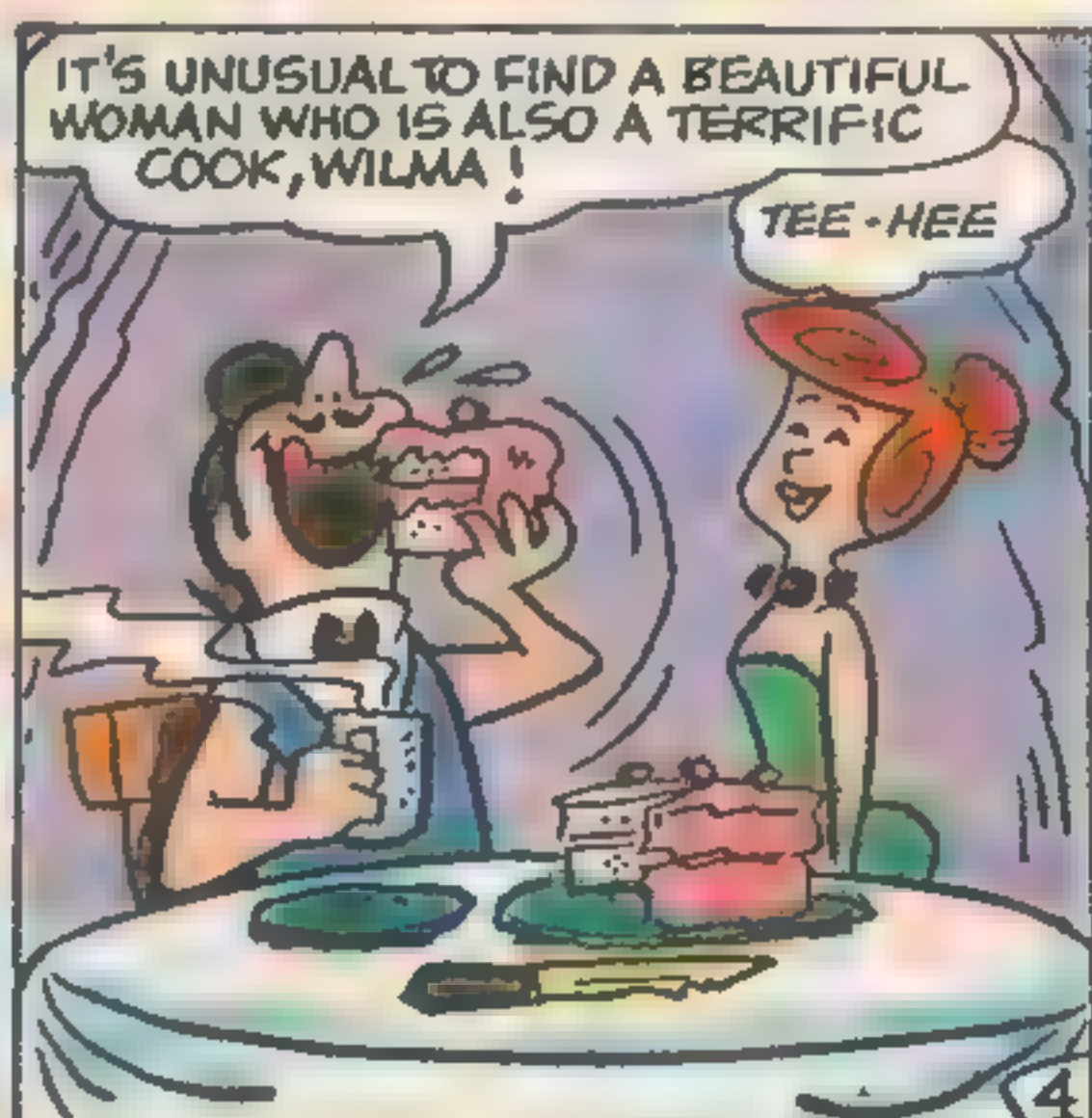
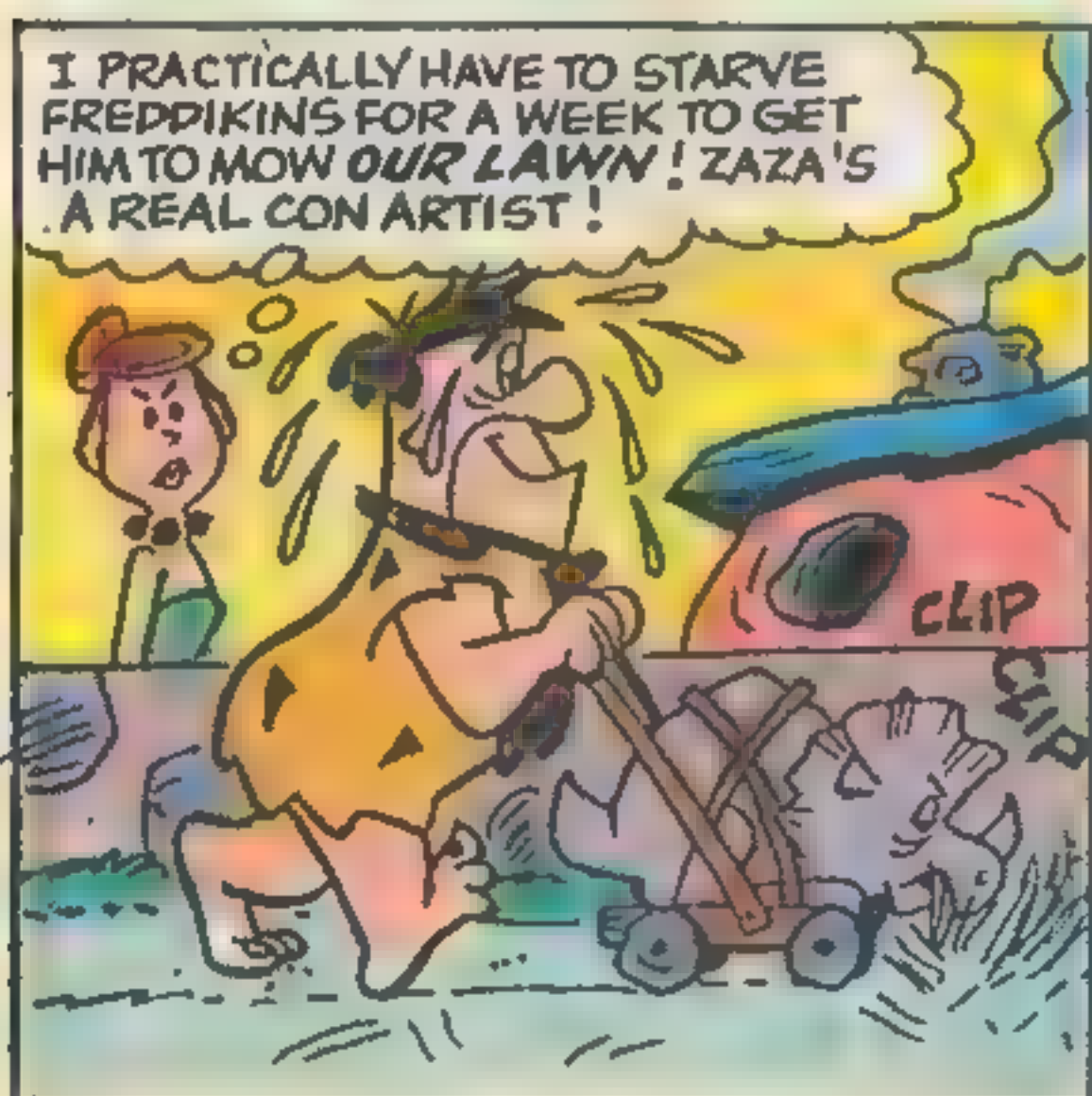
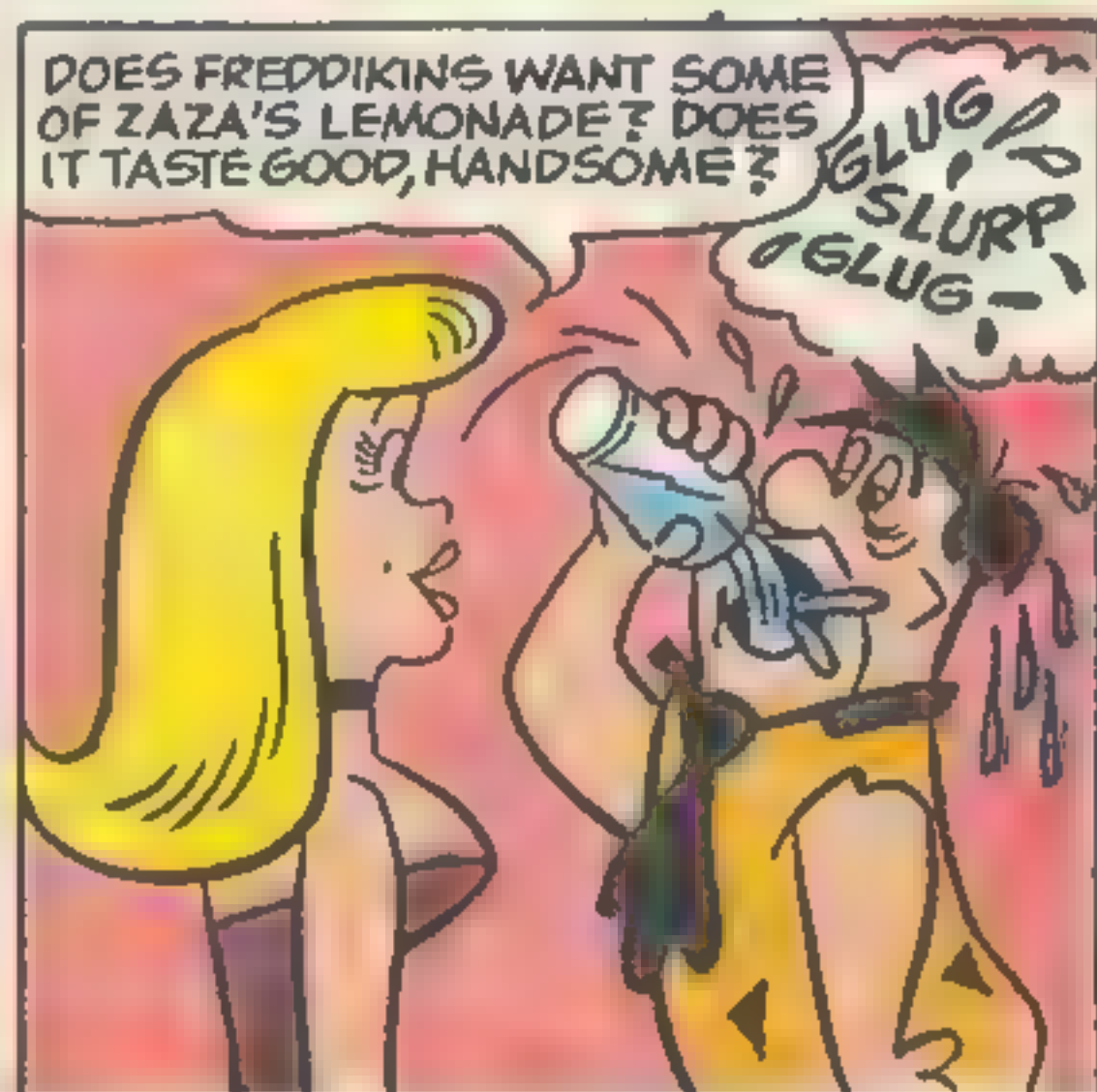
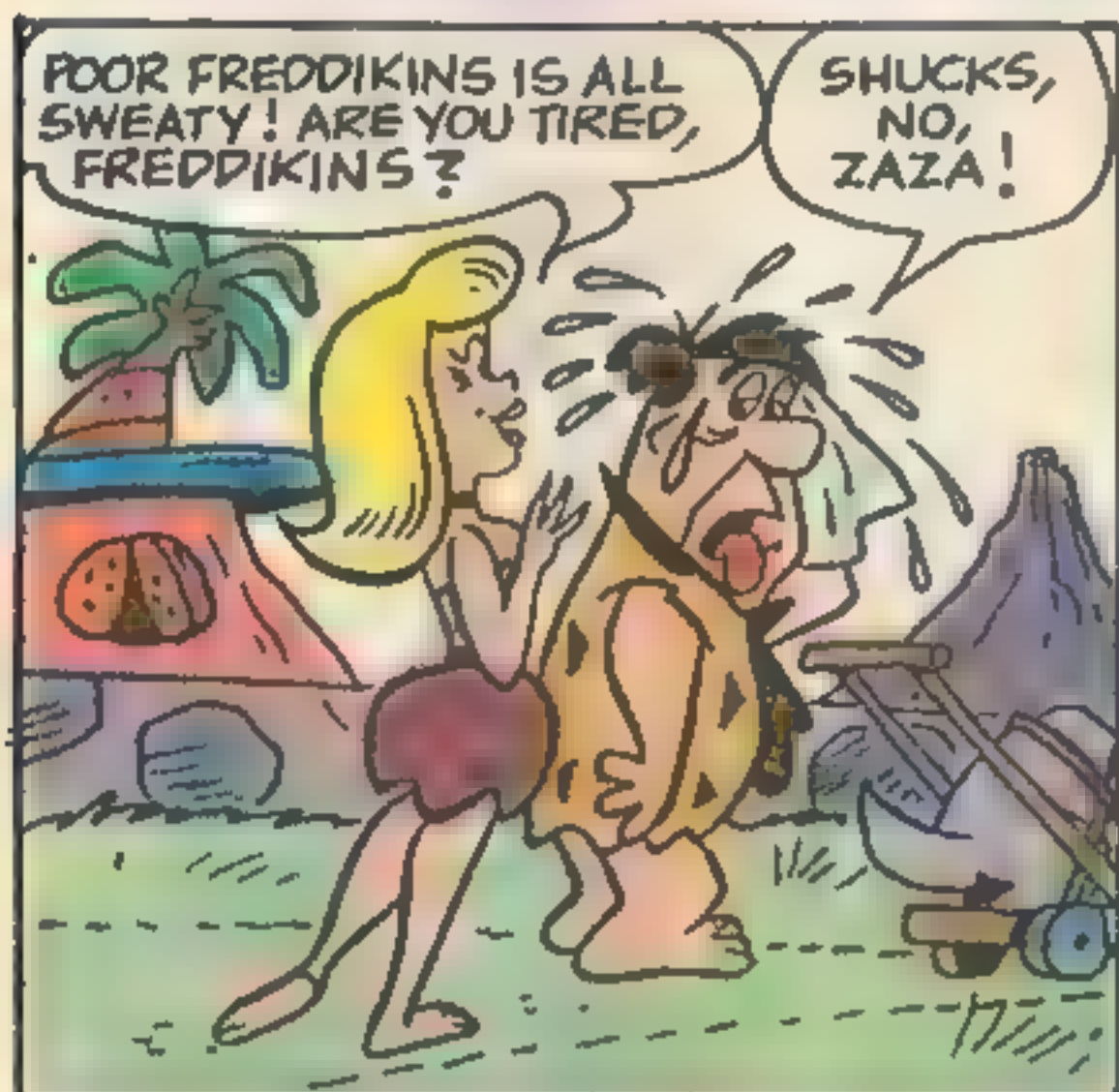
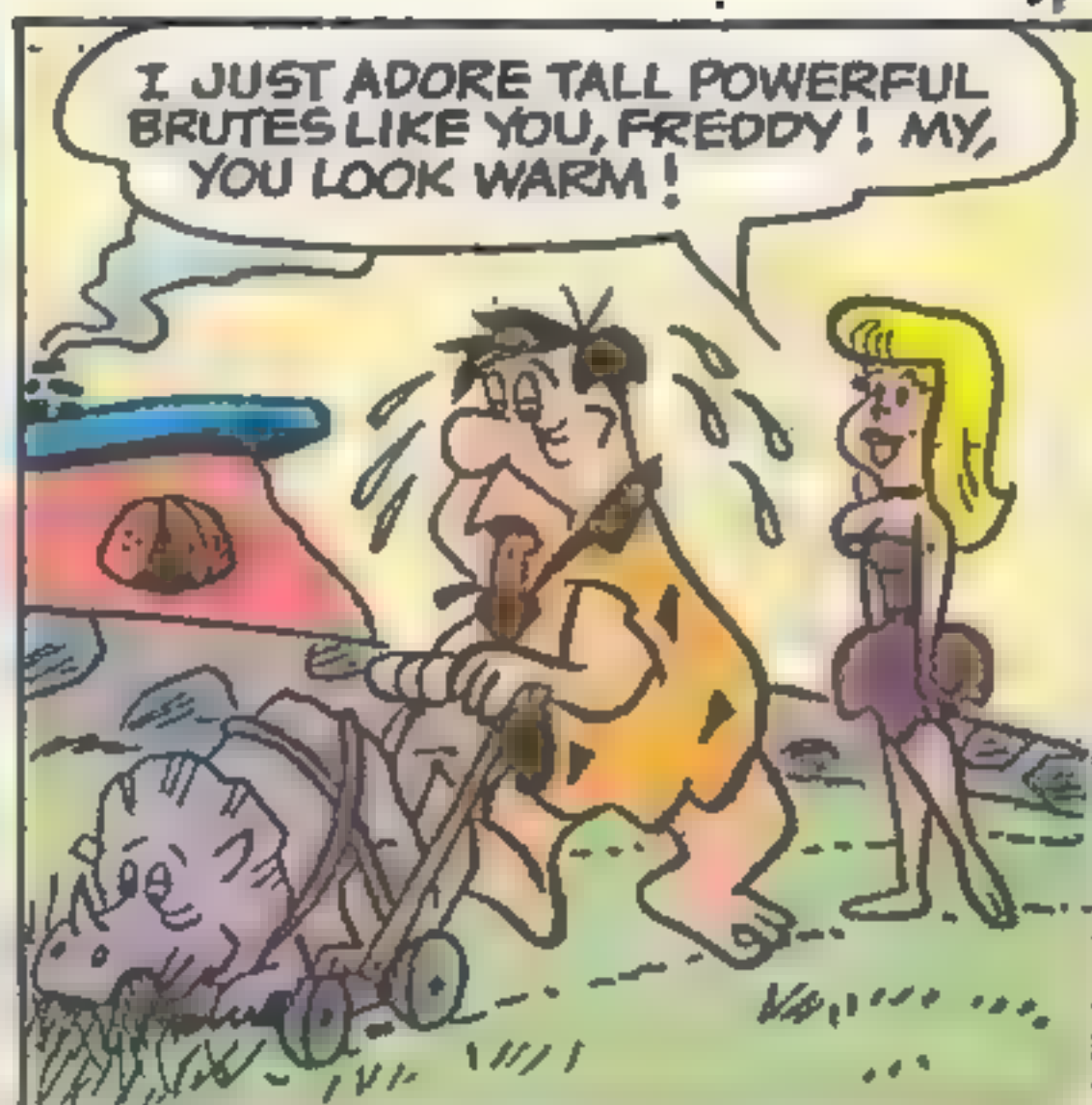
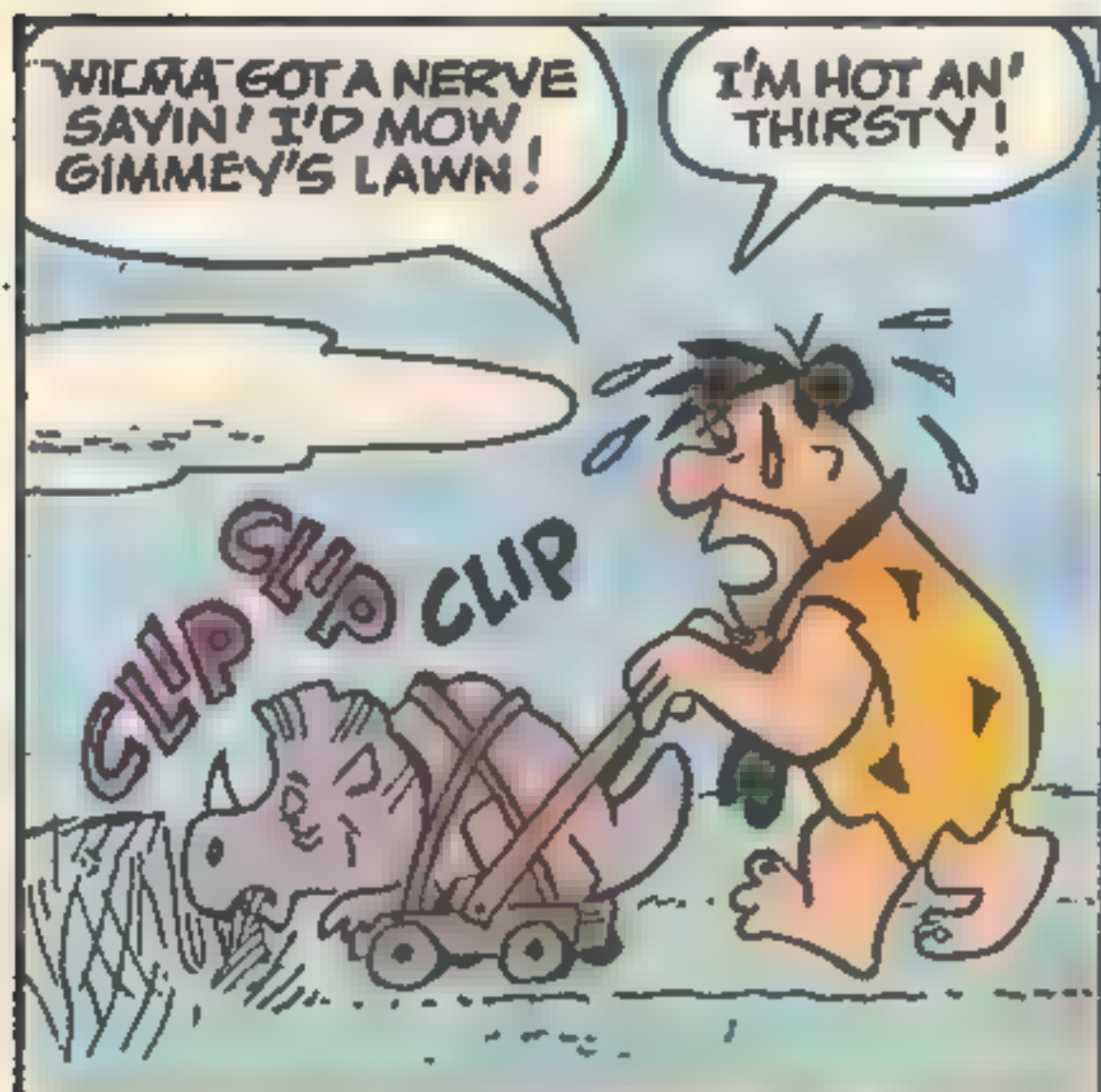
HOWDYA LIKE THIS, SHORTY?

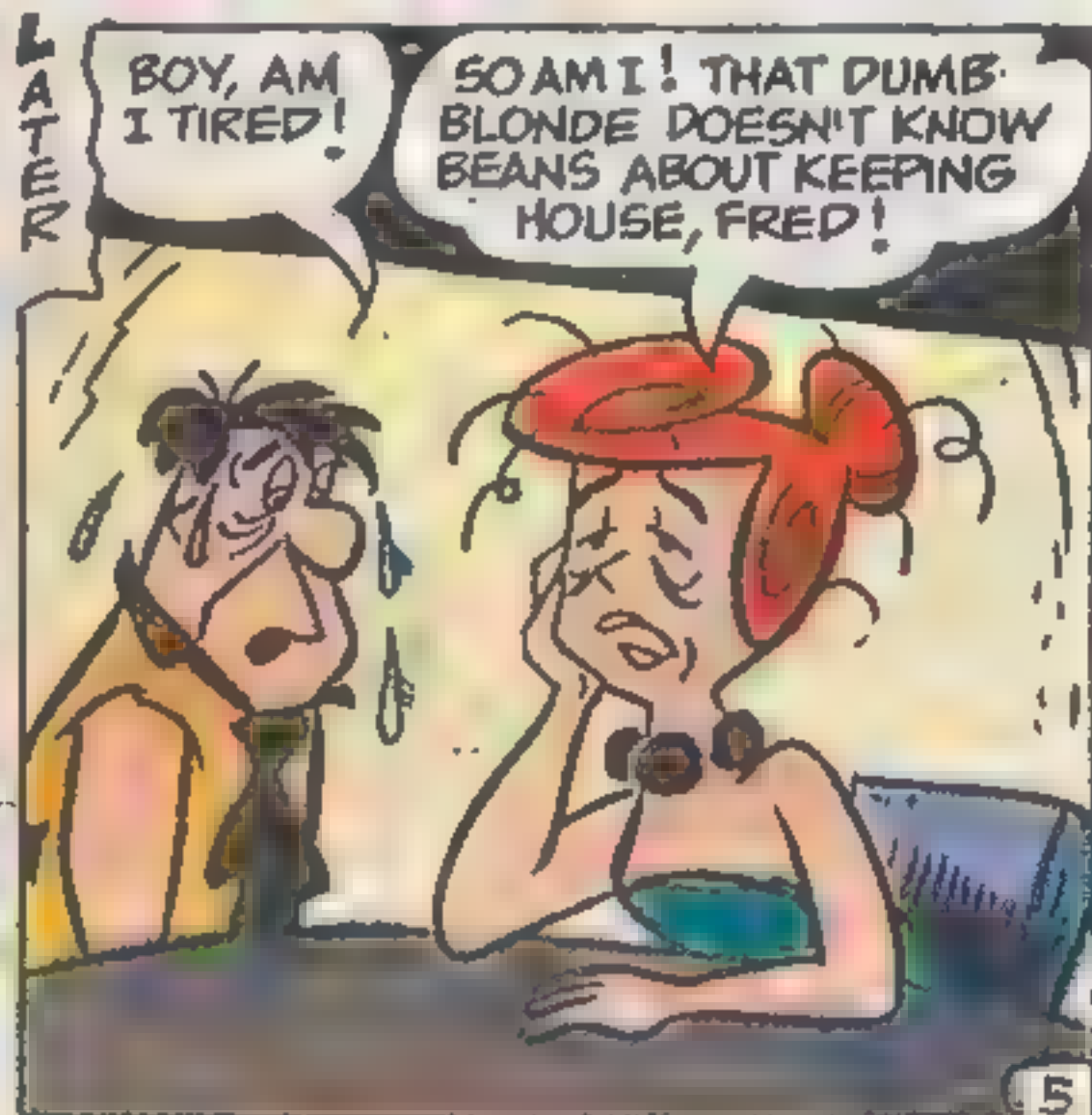
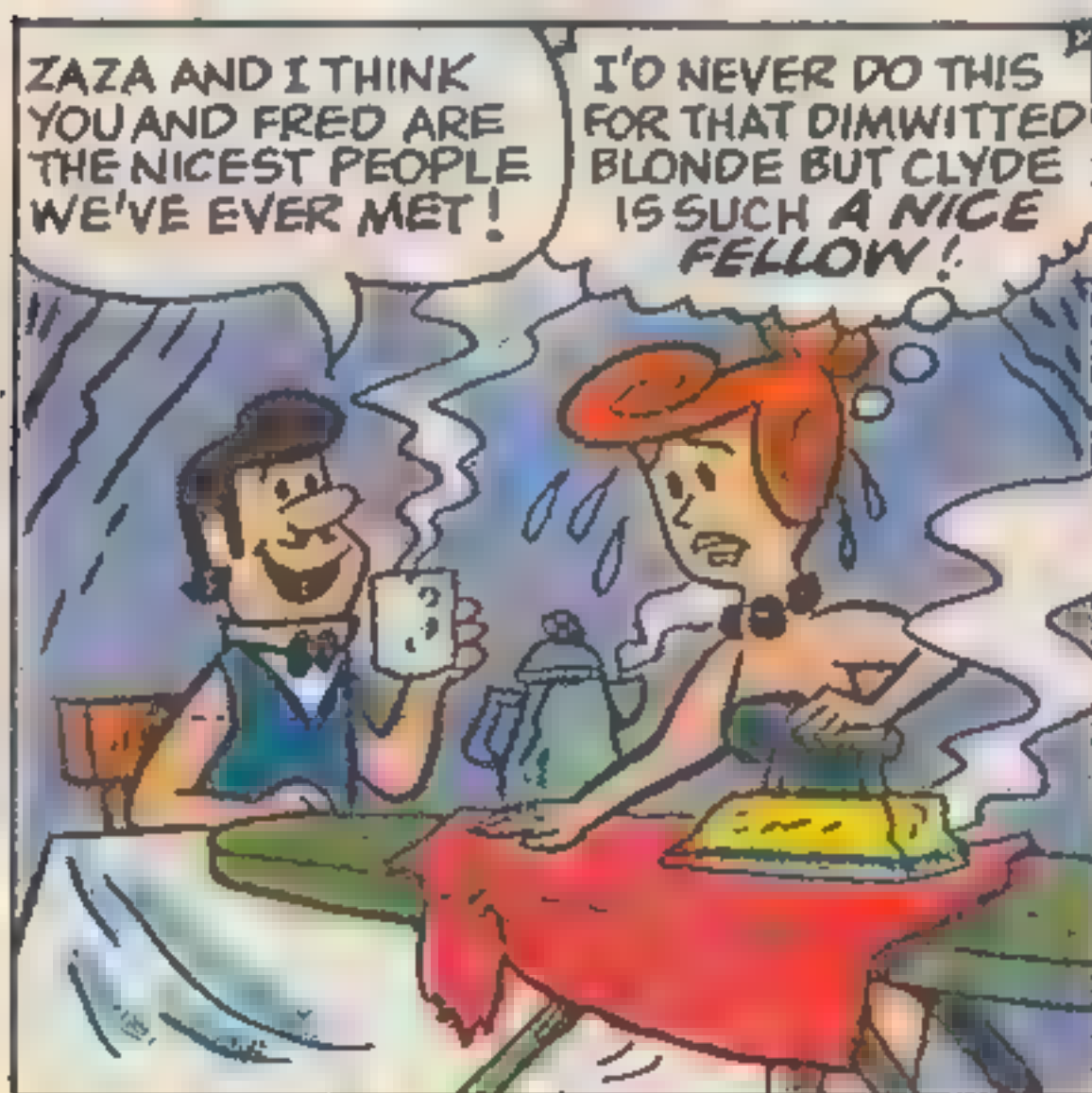
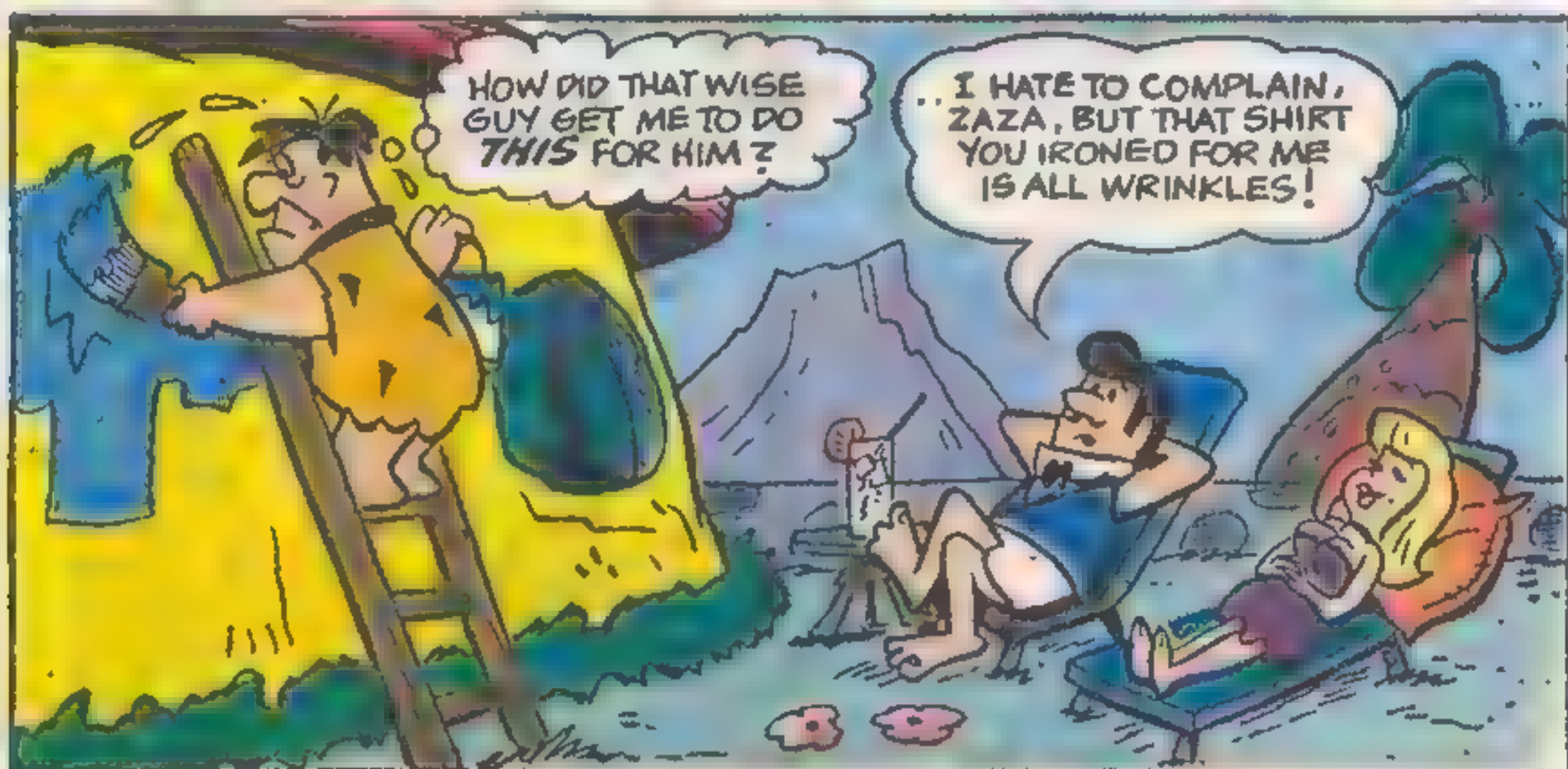
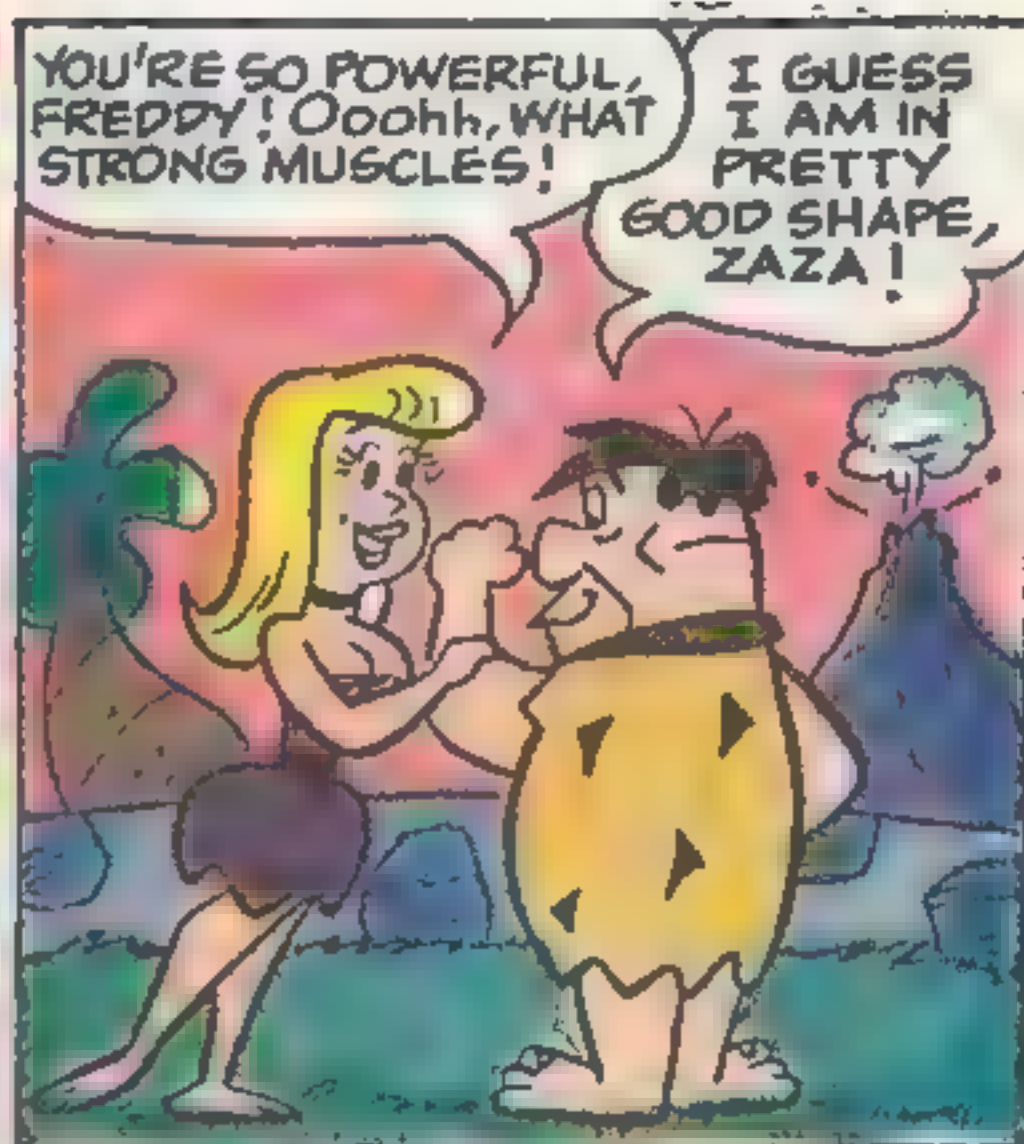
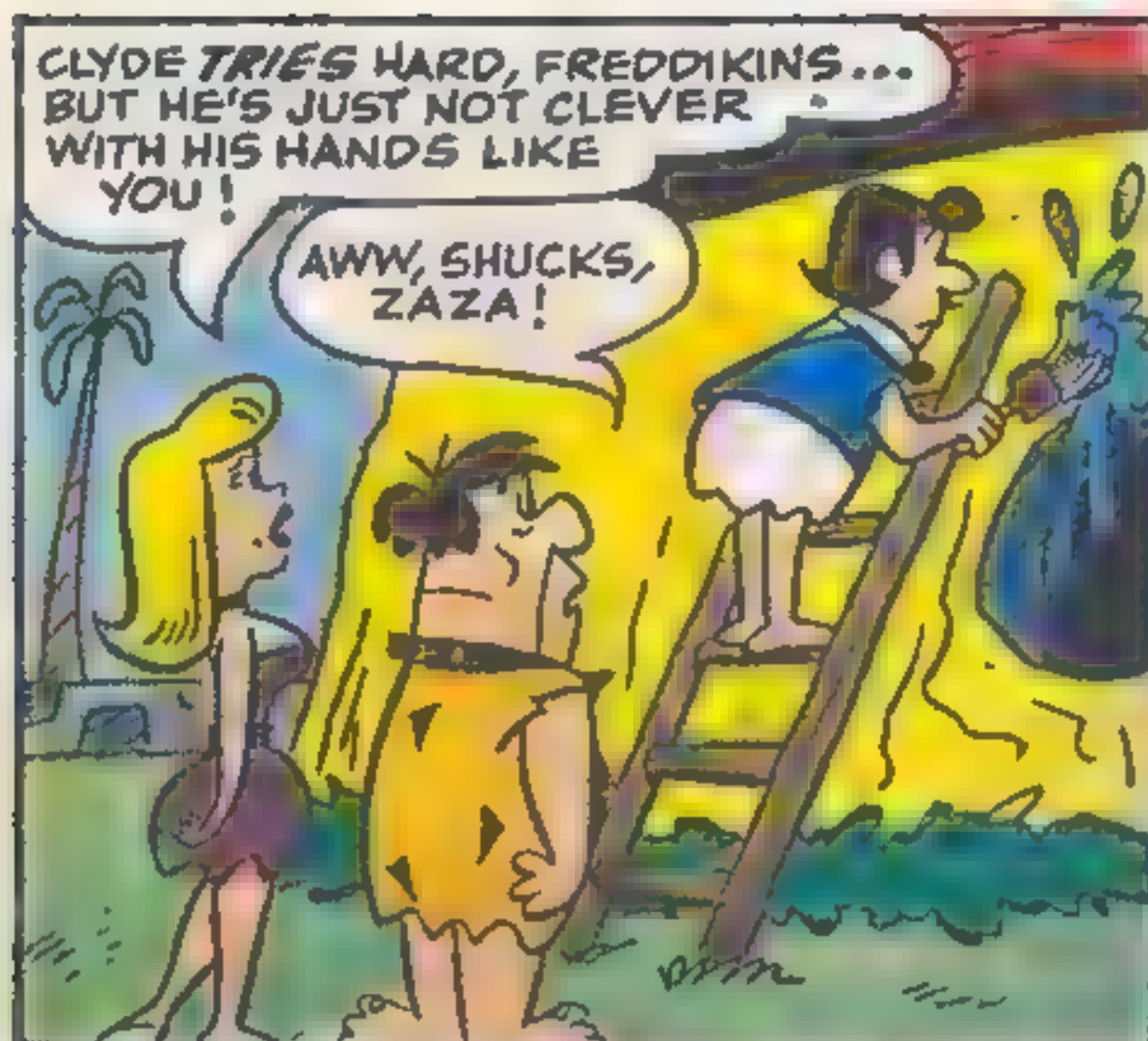
DUH... HOW'S THIS, FATSO?

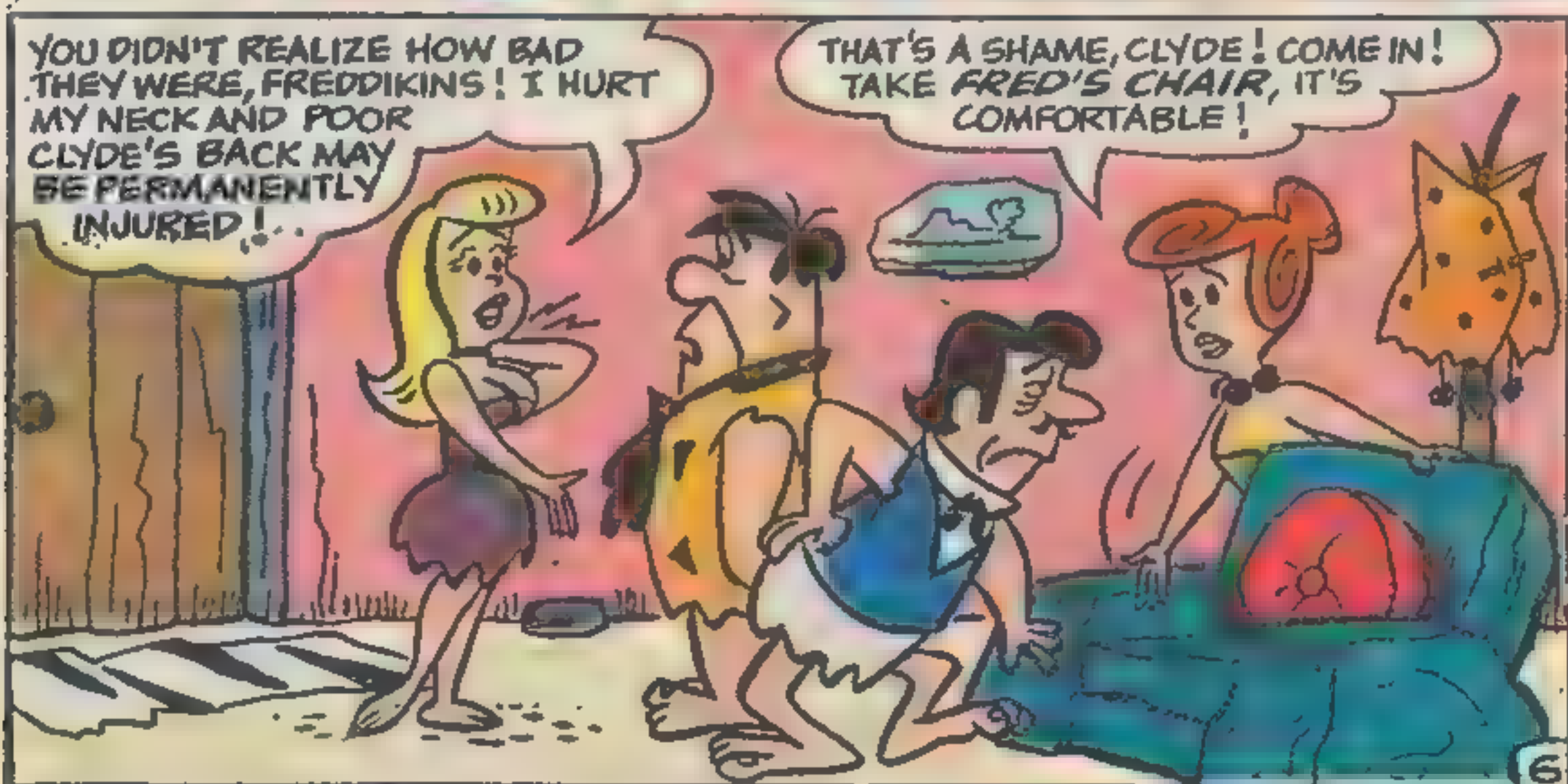
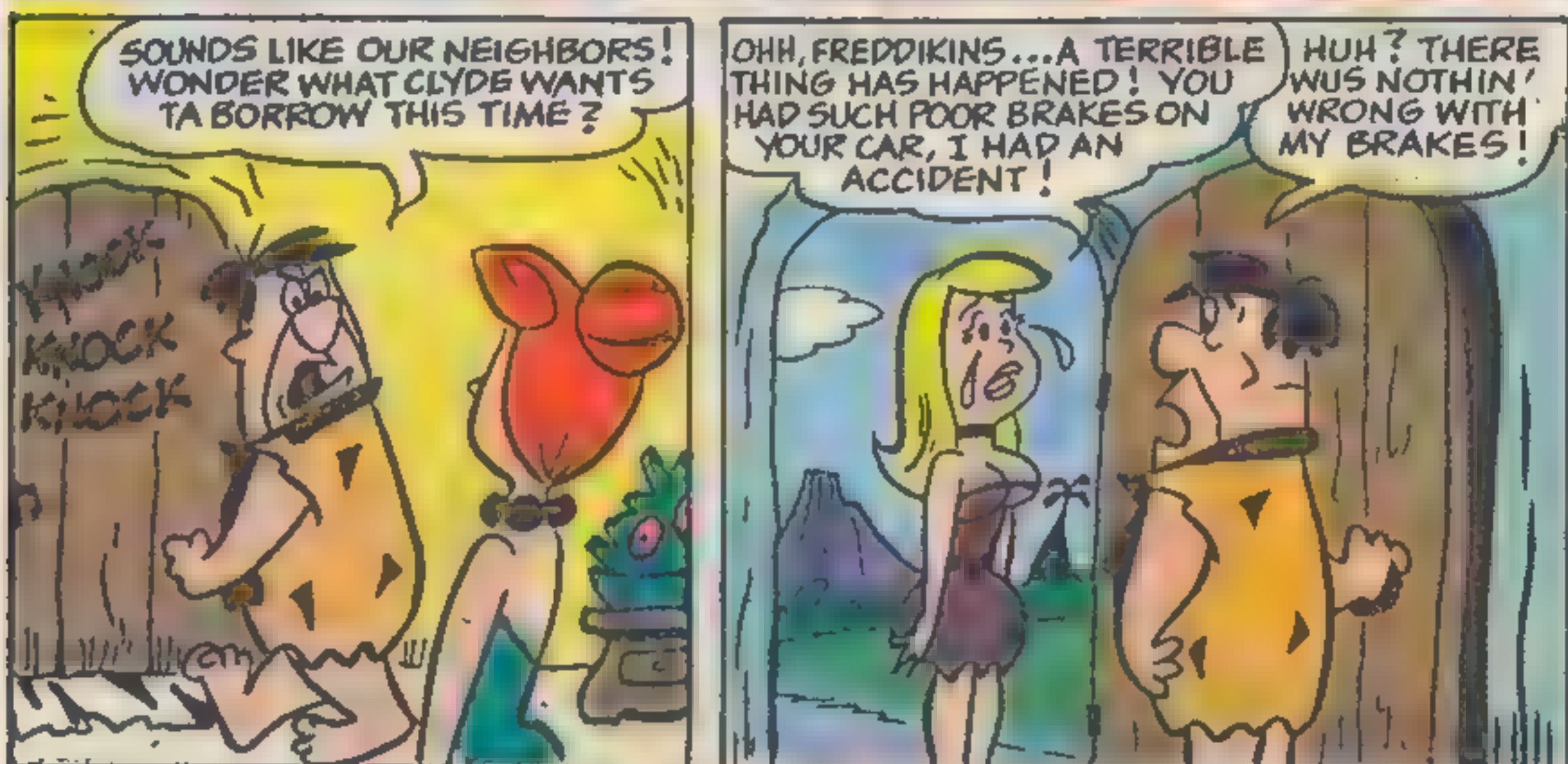
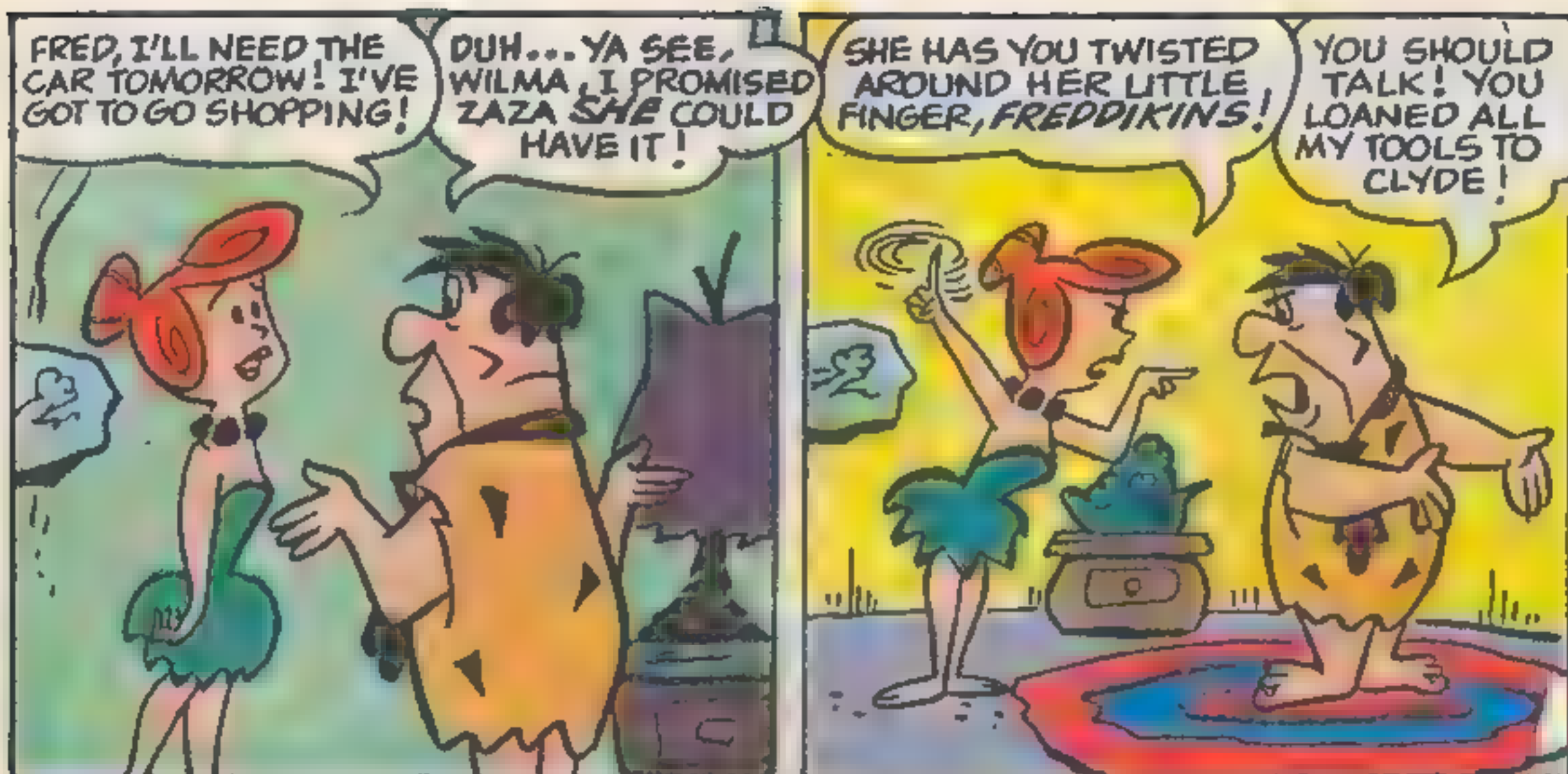


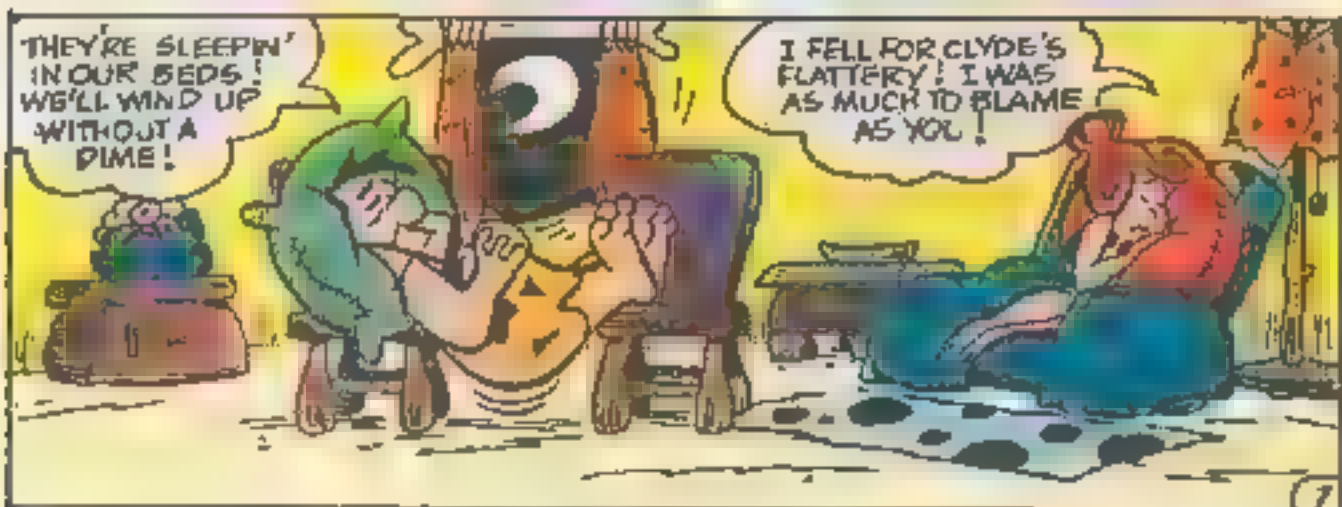
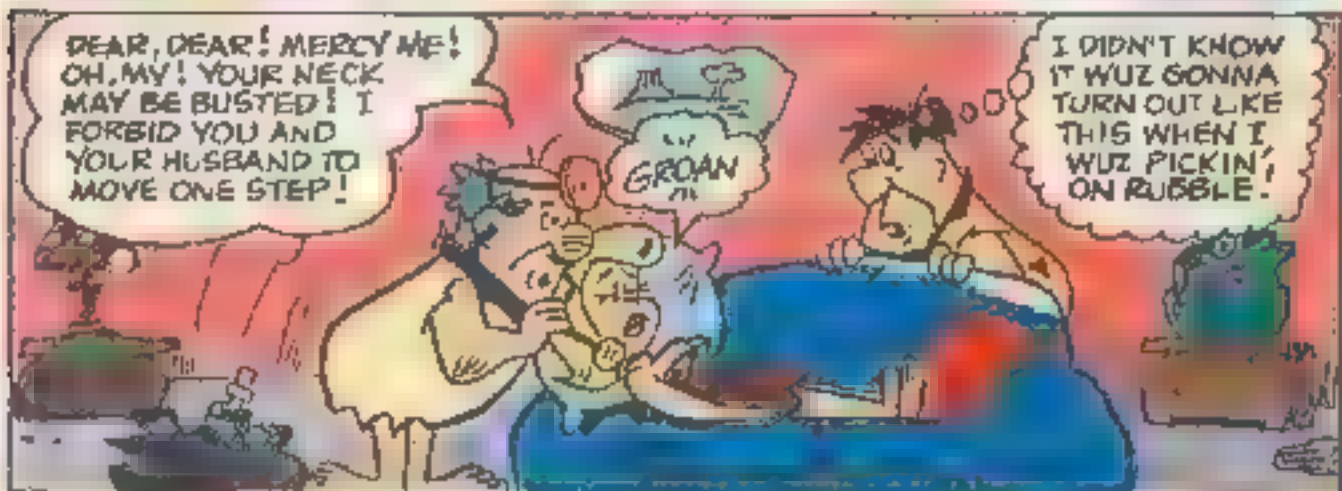
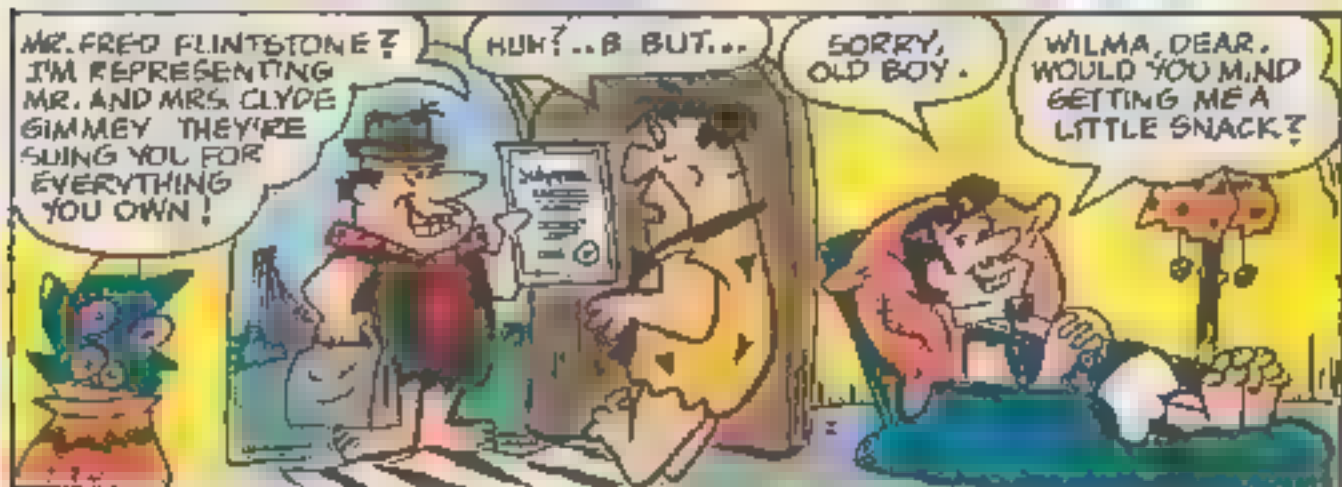


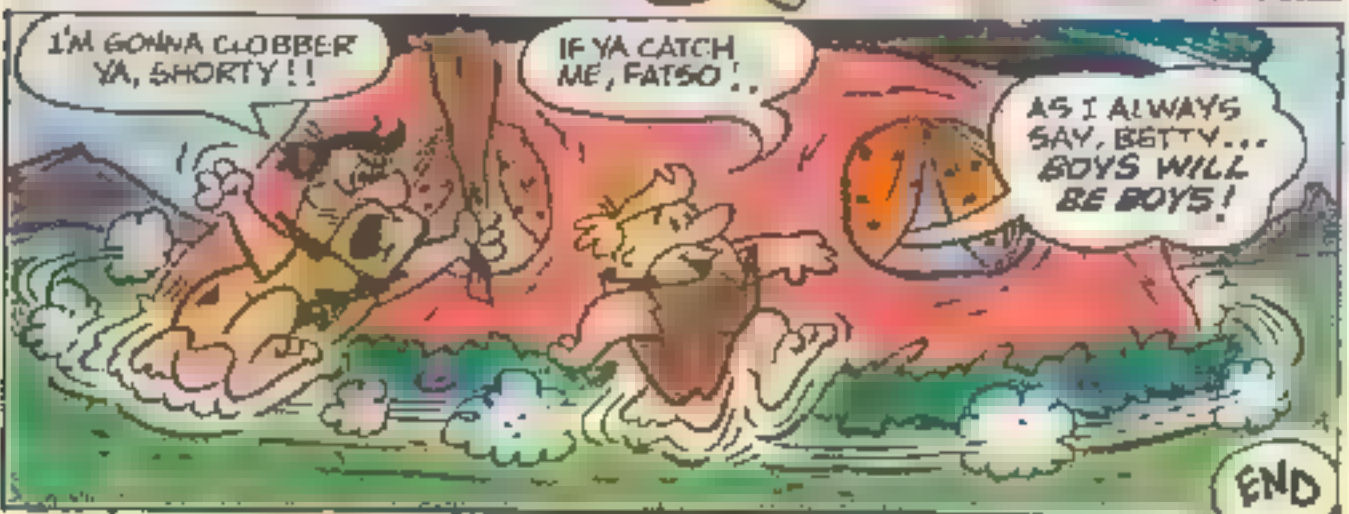
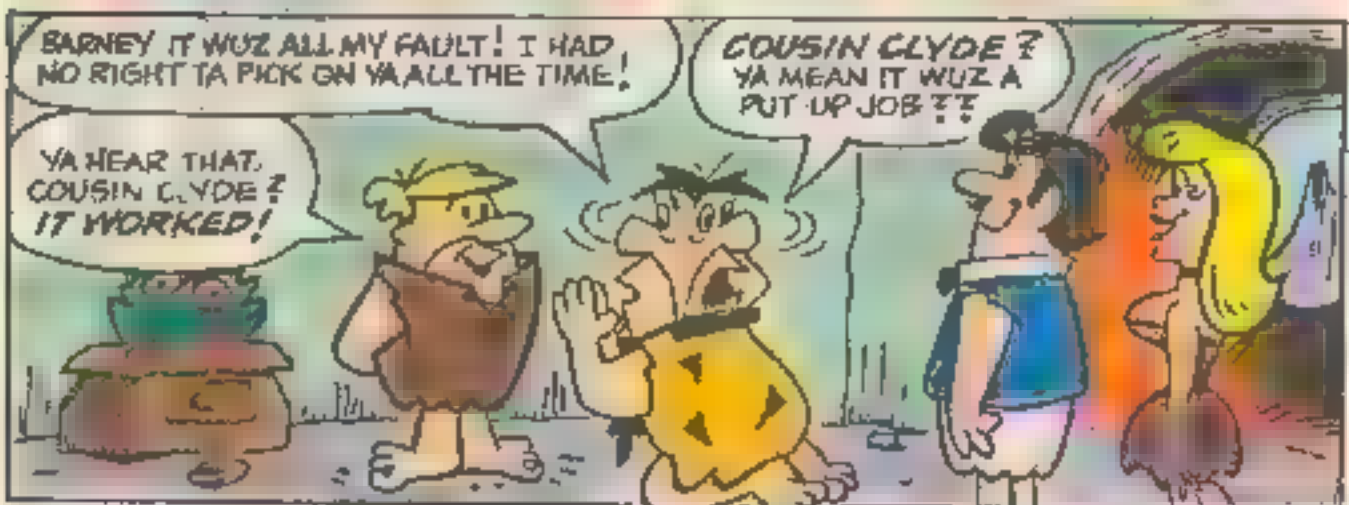












The FLINTSTONES

The MEANEST MAN IN BEDROCK!!

FLINTSTONE
FOR
DOGCATCHER

**VOTE FOR
FLINTSTONE**

...AN' I PROMISE TA BE THE BEST
DOGCATCHER BEDROCK EVER HAD,
IF YA ELECT ME! LADEEZ AN'
GENTLEMEN, I PLEDGE HONEST
PERFORMANCE OF MY DUTIES!
THANK YOU FOR YOUR KIND
ATTENTION!

FLINTSTONE
is the
MAN!

D-8173

RAY
DICK

FLINTSTONE
FOR
DOGCATCHER

**VOTE FOR
FLINTSTONE**

I WUZ TERRIFIC, WUZNT I,
BARNEY? I'M SURE TA BE
ELECTED DOGCATCHER!

YA CAN'T
MISS,
FRED!

NOBODY'S
RUNNIN'
AGAINST
YA!

YAWN

ZZZ
ZZZ
ZZZ

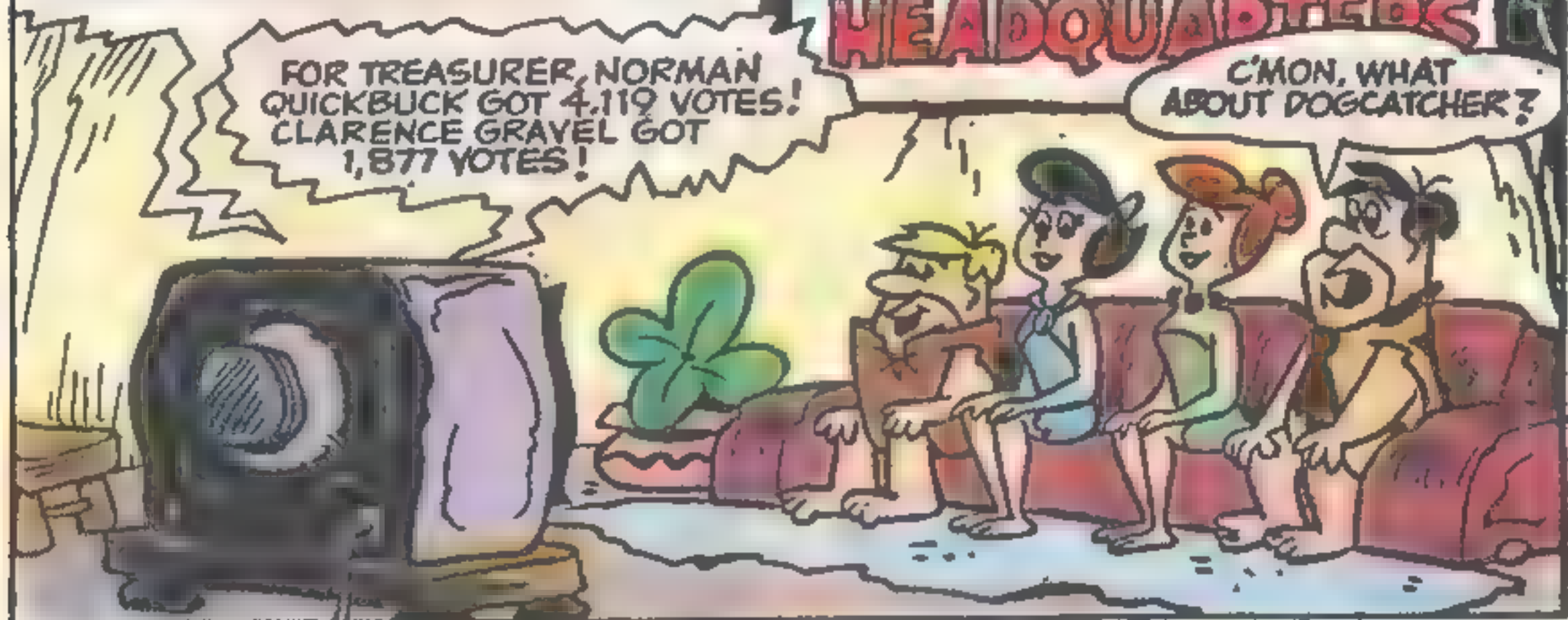
ZZZ

AND, NOW FOR ELECTION RESULTS!
FOR MAYOR, CHARLES STONEHEAD
RECEIVED 3,421 VOTES! HIS OPPONENT,
ALBERT ROCKBRAIN GOT 2,799 VOTES!

FOR TREASURER, NORMAN
QUICKBUCK GOT 4,119 VOTES!
CLARENCE GRAVEL GOT
1,877 VOTES!

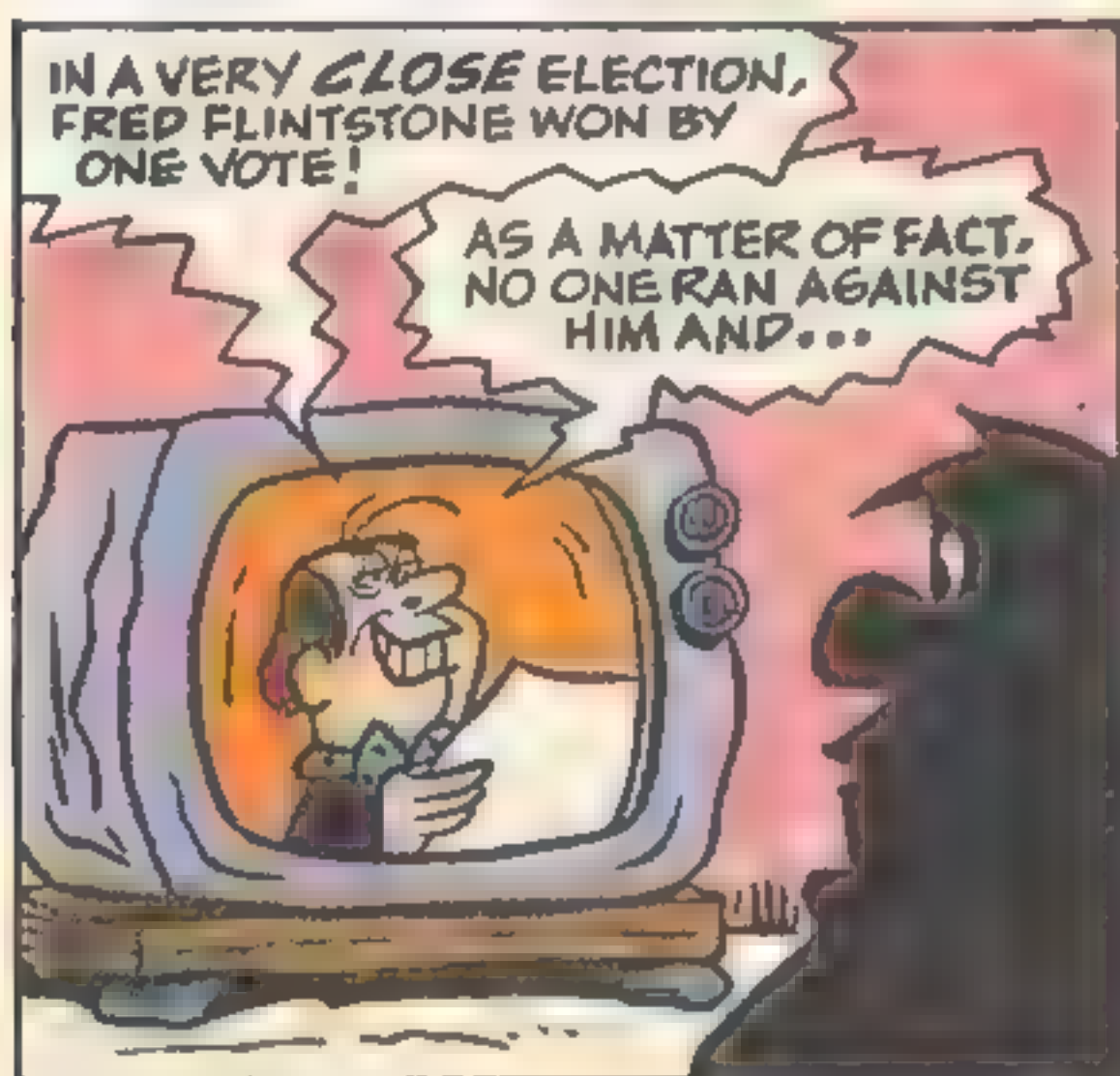
CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

C'MON, WHAT
ABOUT DOGCATCHER?



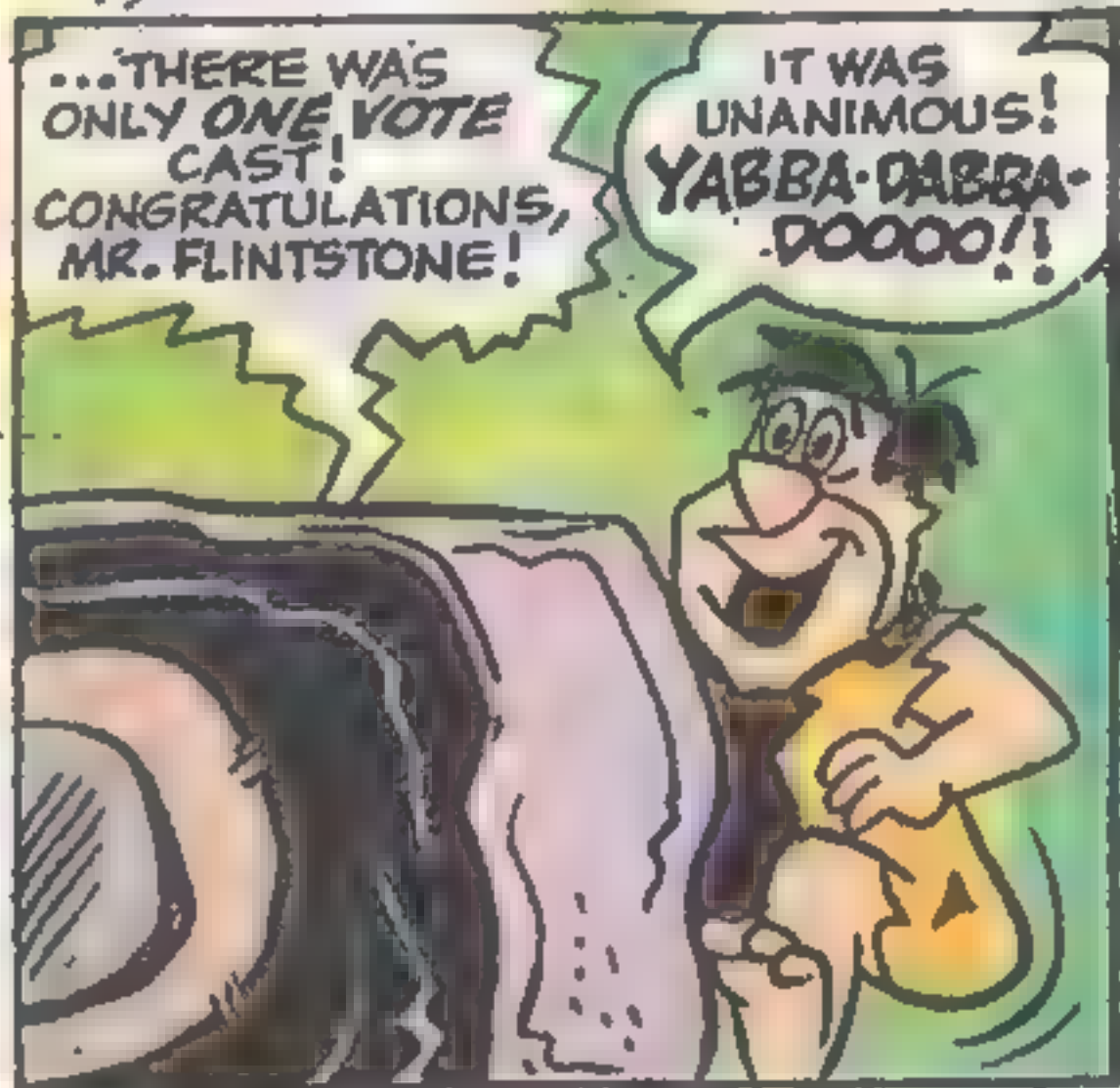
IN A VERY *CLOSE* ELECTION,
FRED FLINTSTONE WON BY
ONE VOTE!

AS A MATTER OF FACT,
NO ONE RAN AGAINST
HIM AND...



...THERE WAS
ONLY *ONE* VOTE
CAST!
CONGRATULATIONS,
MR. FLINTSTONE!

IT WAS
UNANIMOUS!
**YABBA-DABBA-
DOOOO!!**



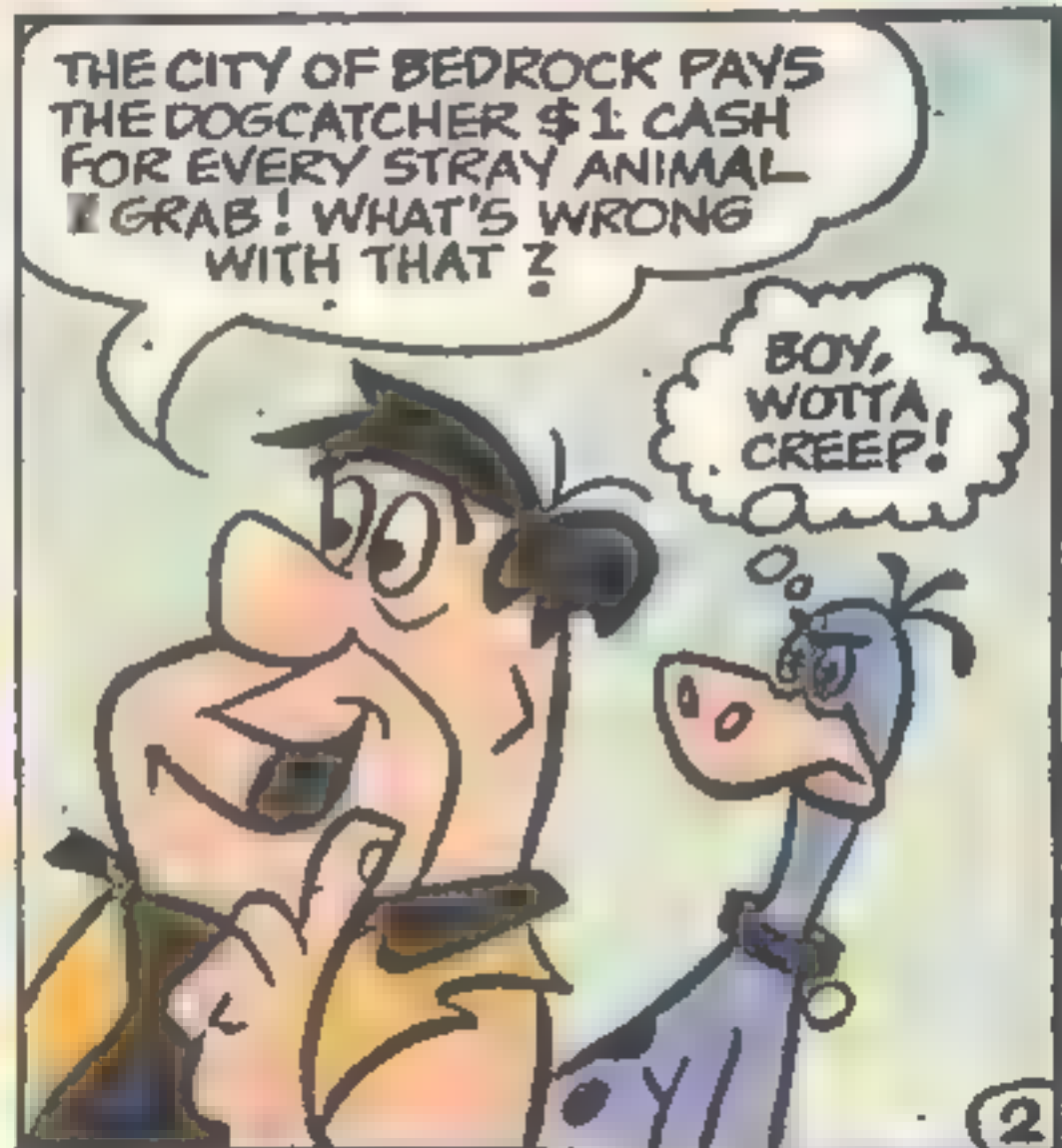
I DON'T WANT PEOPLE
CALLING ME *MRS.*
DOGCATCHER, FRED!

GO AHEAD, MAKE
FUN... BUT I'LL
BE MAKING
MONEY!

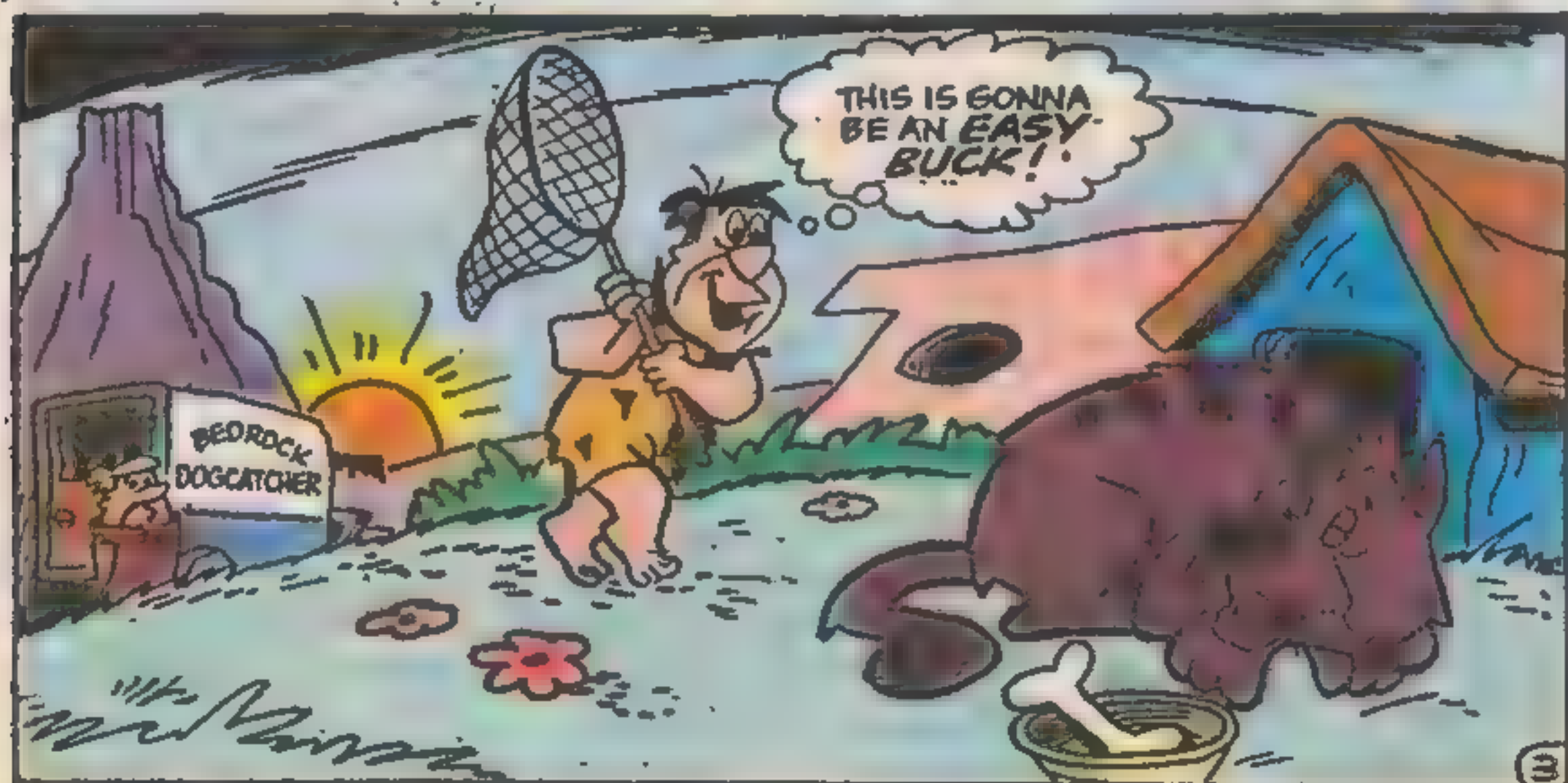
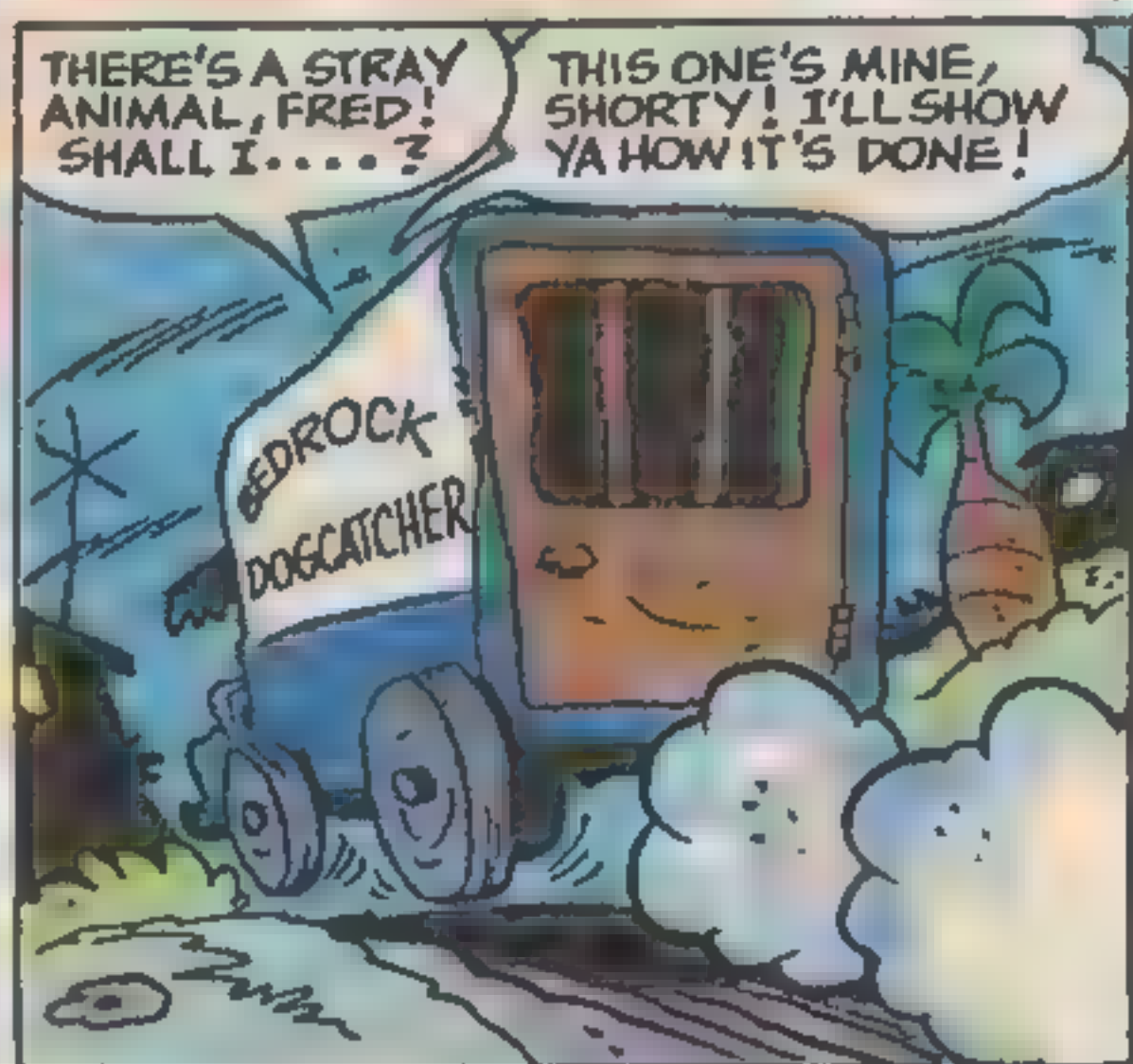


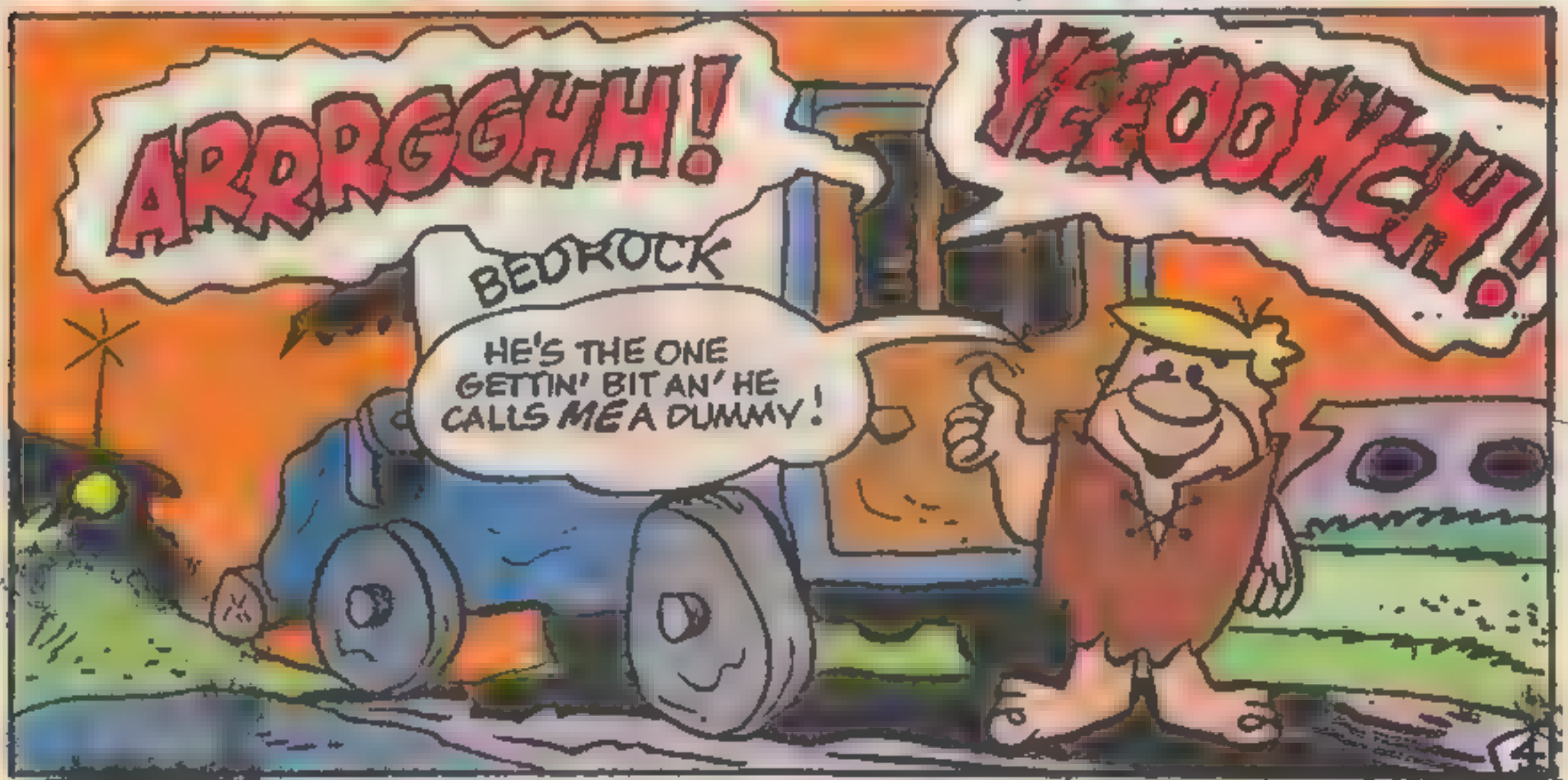
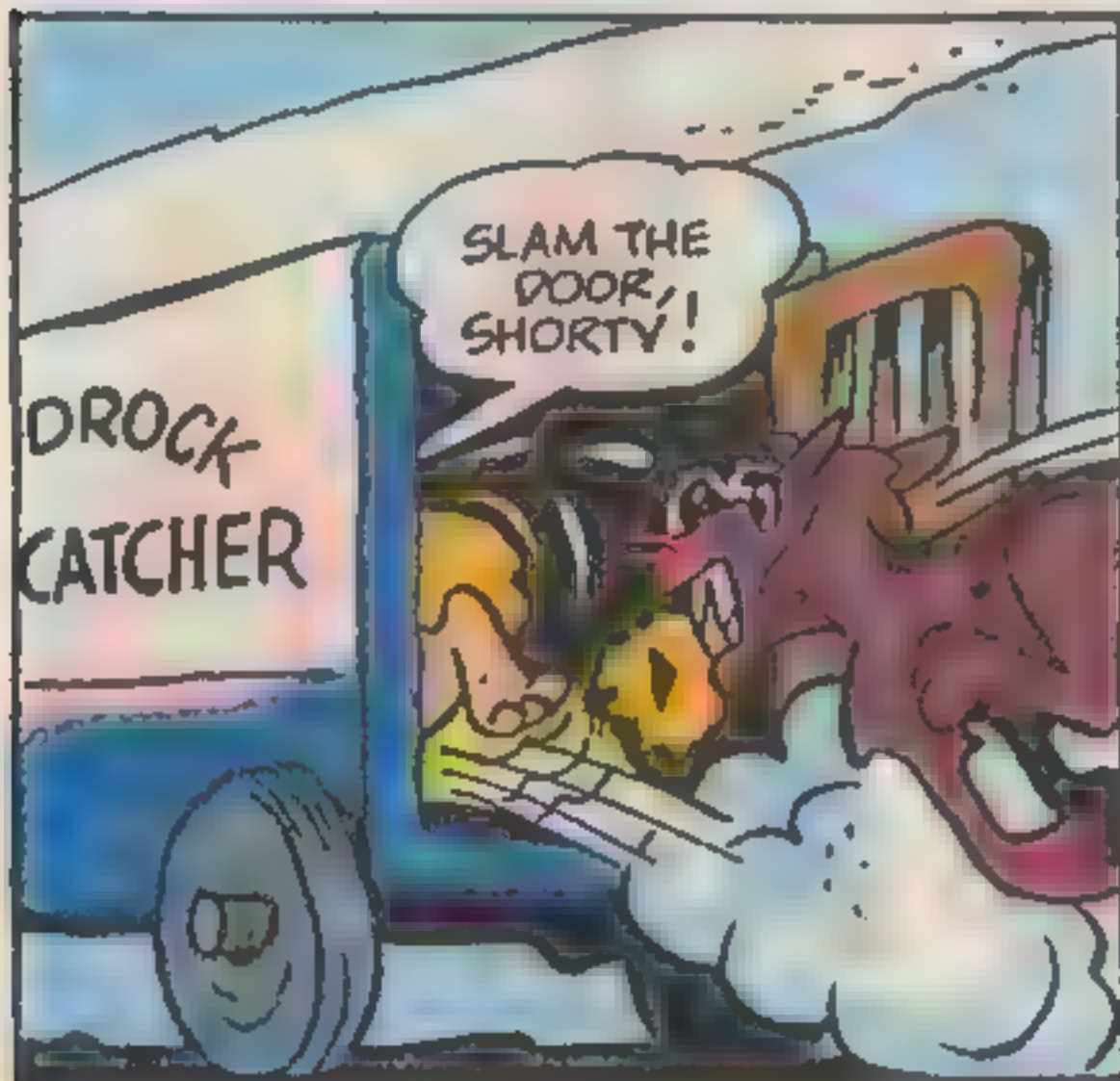
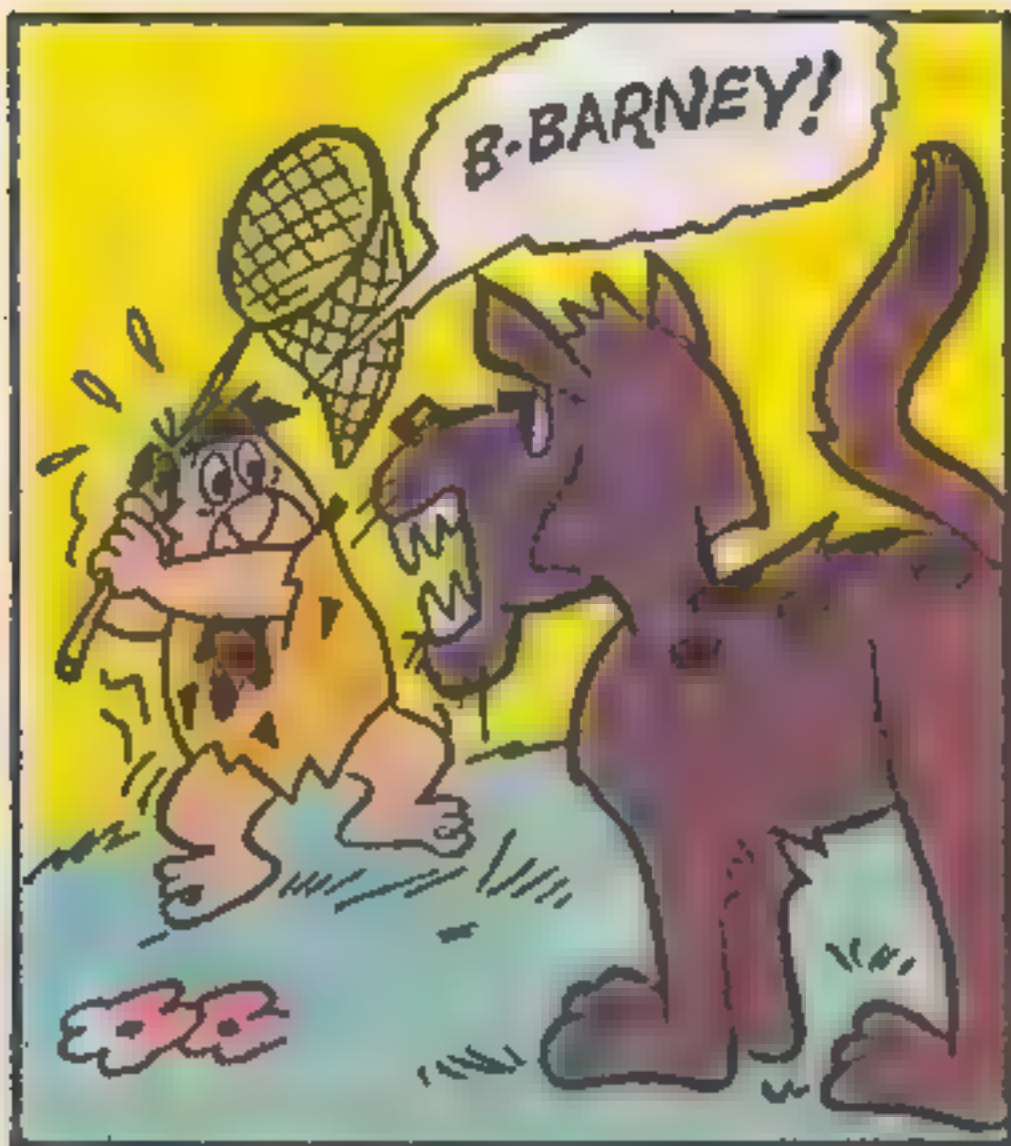
THE CITY OF BEDROCK PAYS
THE DOGCATCHER \$1 CASH
FOR EVERY STRAY ANIMAL
I GRAB! WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THAT?

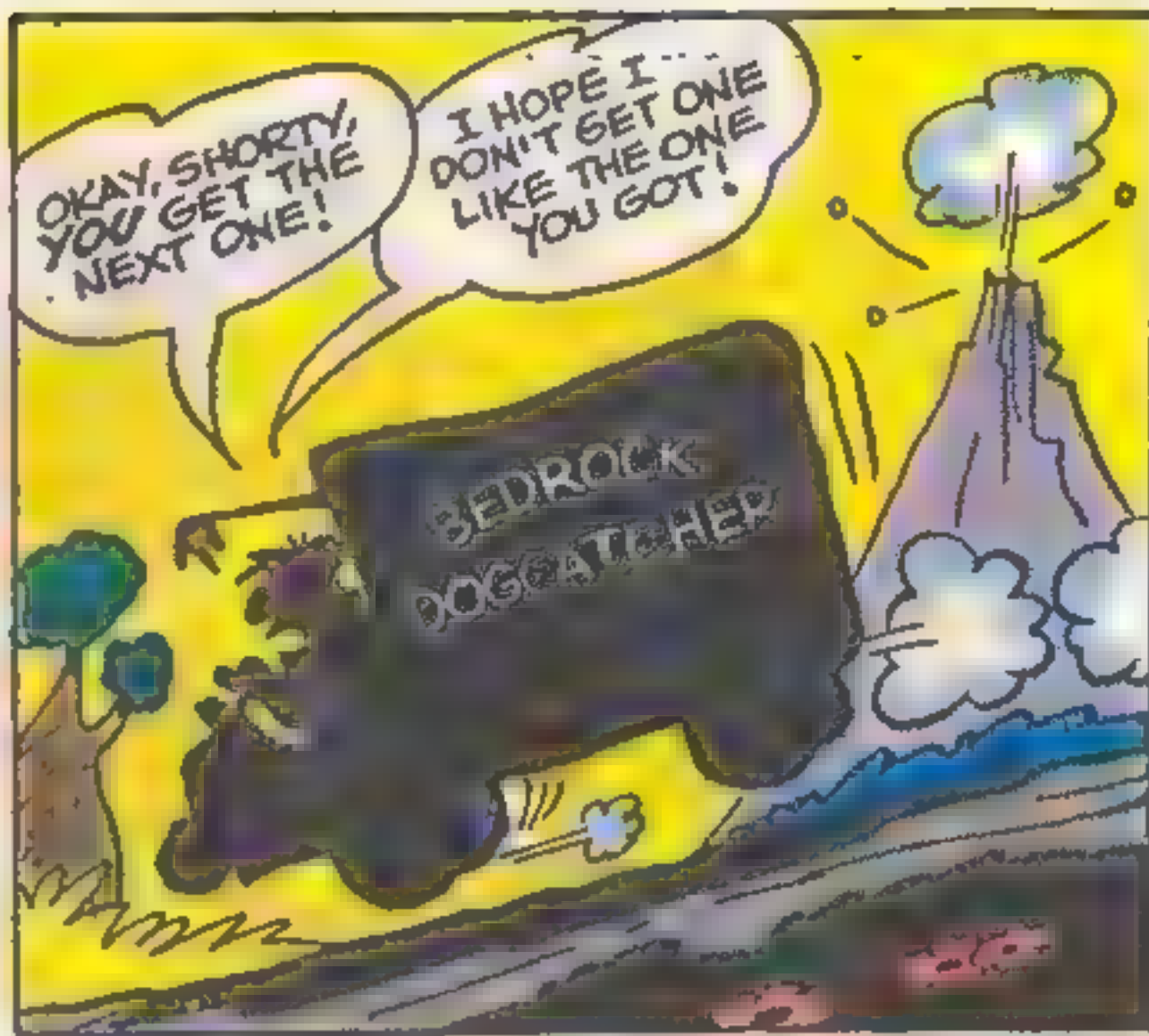
BOY,
WOTTA
CREEP!

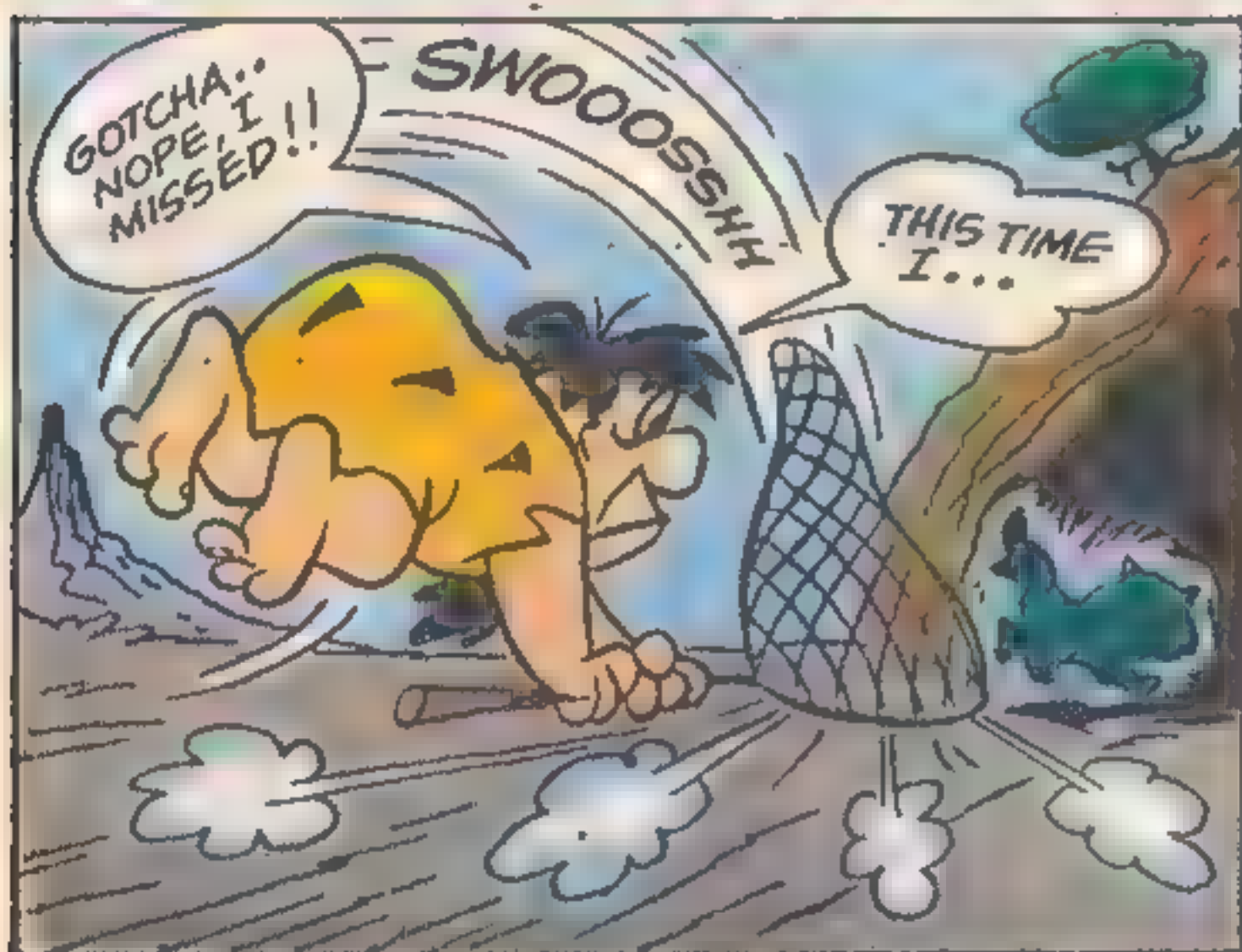


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YABA DABBA ROCK ROLLER DERBY



"Cruncher McSkater stinks! He can't roller skate! Get the bum out of the rink and out of the game! Boo, Cruncher! Boo!" bellowed Fred Flintstone as he sat ringside at the Bedrock Rock Roller Derby Rink.

Fred and Wilma Flintstone and Betty and Barney Rubble always went to the Rock Roller Derby games. It was one of their favorite pastimes.

Betty, Barney and Wilma always cheered for the home team, The Bedrock Boulder Breakers! Fred rooted for the Bedrock Team, but he always booed Cruncher McSkater, the team captain.

Cruncher was rough, mean and tough. Most of the fans were afraid of Cruncher, but Fred wasn't. He liked to boo and boo and boo because it made Cruncher furious!

"Cruncher can't skate! McSkater stinks! Cruncher is a bum!" yelled Fred at the top of his lungs. Fred wanted to make sure that Cruncher heard every, nasty remark that he made.

Everytime McSkater skated past Fred, Fred insulted him. Everytime Fred insulted him, Cruncher growled angrily. Everytime Cruncher went around the rink, he got madder and madder and madder!

"You'd better stop booing Cruncher, Fred!" Barney advised his best buddy. "McSkater looks like he's ready to explode! He might come over the rail after you!" Barney said warning Fred of the danger he was in.

"Let Cruncher explode," replied Fred. "McSkater is nothing but a big bag of hot air anyway!"

"You'd better be careful, Fred," Wilma said. "Your big, fat mouth is going to get your big, fat body into trouble!"

"Wilma is right," agreed Betty. "Stop boasting and start cheering before Cruncher loses his temper!"

"Cruncher McSkater doesn't scare me!" boasted Fred at the top of his lungs. "I can rock roller skate better than that big ape can. I can skate better than McSkater — blindfolded!"

When Cruncher heard Fred Flintstone bragging, he lost control of himself. He screeched to a stop in the middle of the race and skated over to the rail near Fred.

Fred started to shake when he saw Cruncher coming toward him. He wished that he'd kept his big mouth shut. Now he was really in hot water.

Lean, mean, Cruncher McSkater leaned over the rail and stared at fat Fred Flintstone. Fred was trembling from head to toe.

Suddenly, the entire building became silent. Everyone watched and waited.

Angrily, Cruncher pointed at Fred. "I heard what you said, you big tub of lard!" growled Cruncher. "You said that you can rock roller skate better than I can — blindfolded! That's a challenge and I accept it! Be here tomorrow at four o'clock! We'll see who is the better skater. All you have to bring is your body. I'll provide the skates and the blindfold!"

Everyone was waiting. They were waiting to see what Fred would do. All of Fred's friends were at the arena. They wondered if he would back down.

"What's the matter, Fatso?" laughed Cruncher. "Are you chicken?"

Fred gulped. He couldn't back down now. Everyone in Bedrock would laugh at him. He had to accept the Cruncher's challenge!

"I'll be here tomorrow!" he stammered nervously.

Cruncher laughed, skated away and the race began again.

"What are you going to do now, Fred?" Barney whispered to his flabby friend. "You can't even stand up on rock roller skates!"

Fred shrugged his shoulders. "No one, not even Wilma, knows that I can't skate. I can't back down. I'll



just have to try my hardest and hope for the best!"

The following afternoon, Fred, Barney, Wilma and Betty went to the Rock Roller Rink. Cruncher McSkater and half of the town were there waiting for them.

Silently, Fred and Barney climbed into the rink. Barney helped Fred put on the skates that Cruncher gave them. Fred was almost ready to go. All he needed was a blindfold. Fred would skate first. Then, it would be Cruncher's turn to skate.

"I'll put on his blindfold," said McSkater as he tied a rag around Fred's head. When Flintstone's eyes were covered, Cruncher gave Fred a shove onto the track.

Around and around the track Fred sped. Somehow, he luckily managed to stay on his feet. Time after time he almost fell, but no one realized he was in trouble. In fact, they thought he was performing difficult tricks and they applauded his efforts.

Finally, Fred skidded off of the track into Barney's arms. Everyone cheered as Fred pulled off his blindfold.

"You win!" said McSkater. "I'm not even going to try to beat you. I couldn't do those fancy tricks!"

"You're a good sport," Fred said to Cruncher as they shook hands. "From now on, I'm going to cheer for you!"

Cruncher left. Then, Fred bent over and whispered to Barney. "Get these skates off of me before I kill myself!" he said.

